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ORIGINAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

BY S. M. SMITH.

Tread light, breathe soft and very low!
'Tis the calm noon of night,
The curtains close, draw near the fire,
The pale clog burneth bright.

The leafless boughs swing mournfully,
The cold, cold wind is sighing,
In hollow tones through the forest wild,
A requiem for the dying.

In holy quiet, calm, serene,
As sleeping infants lie,
Without a fear for the Beyond,
Old Year lies down to die.

Old Time with fleshless finger points
To him the shadow land;
Then beckons on with savage glee,
The New Year's joyous band.

Farewell, Old Year! thou'rt going fast,
Thy glaring eye grows dim,
The cold death dew is on thy brow,
Low falls thy wrinkled chin.

Gone, gone, thou art! no groan, no sigh,
Escaped thy heaving breast,
Shades of departed years draw nigh,
Convey him to his Rest!

Scarce ere the breath has left thy form,
Loud hallelujahs ring,
Joy bells proclaim throughout the land,
The New Year ushered in.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE WOOD-STREAM.

BY ANNA M. BATES.

Adown in the quiet forest
Where the long green brake-leaves grow,
And the silver footed moonbeams
In the hour of evening go;
They hide 'mid the briar roses
That sparkle in dewy sheen
Over the dancing waters
Of a little mountain stream.

Around on the slopes of the meadows
Are purple violet seas
And the daisy buds are wakened
By the kiss of the fresh wild breeze;
But dearer to me is the sunlight
Lingering with joyous look,
Over the mossy borders
And the brake-leaves by the brook.

Away in the fairest forest
Where the trees are straight and tall,
Is this nook of sylvan beauty
Where the waters leap and fall;
And the soft moonbeams go dancing
In their silver footed glee
As the bird is nestling gently
In the leafy wind-rocked tree.

Brightly the peerless roses
In garden bowers may bloom,
And the light of rich nasturtions
Flash thro' the twilight gloom;
But fairer the violet's lowly
That smile in the moon's pale beam,
Like angels pure and holy
'Round the little woodland stream.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

Orlando Matthewson:

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY ROB: G. STAPLES.

CHAPTER I.

"Fly, fly all dull emotion,
All care away we fling;
Pure joy is our devotion,
Then cheerily, cheerily sing."

A merry, merry Christmas to you! and may this day prove a happy, happy one, exclaimed Orlando Matthewson, suddenly breaking in upon the mirthful circle of young and old, at the residence of Chester Sinclair.

That was a fine morning of December 25th, 18—. The etherial world was undimmed by a single cloud, and the day-god arose bright and clear, tinting the eastern horizon with golden rays. The young-ones of the family of Chester Sinclair were up with the first dawn of the morning twi-light, making the house ring again with their merry laugh, and the cries of Christmas gift, Father, my Christmas gift, Mother! and then running lightly across the floor, little Billy opened the door of his oldest sister's sleeping apartment, exclaiming, half frantic with joy—a merry Christmas, sister Alice; I knew I'd catch you—I told you so!

Alice was a beautiful girl—and as we thus unceremoniously break in upon her, she is sitting in the corner near the fireplace; little Billy is playing with her golden ringlets, and laughing with glee at the nice manner in which he had caught her, ere she had awoke. Betty is at her side, (a younger sister,) displaying the toys which she had received. Old Chester and his good wife, Ida Sinclair, are sitting in a retired part of the room, gazing with fond delight upon their first born as she welcomes Orland with a smile, extending her tiny hand, and rising from her seat with becoming grace. A small locket is suspended around her swan-like neck, containing the feature of a young man. How nicely does that plain black silk fit her person, and how becoming her pretty face. A silver comb, set with fancy-colored stones, is held in her hands, the gift of the young man mentioned in the first part of my sketch.

This is a festive day, exclaimed the old man, and not a day for love-glances. Come Orlando, I shall give her to you, new years; so turn your thoughts on other things awhile. Come now, I wish to drink your health—this wine is something extra—Come!

The young man turned in obedience to the request of his future parents, and clasped the inviting glass. A sadness came over the features of the lovely Alice, and a weight settled upon her heart, but she remembered the day, and with a forced smile drove back the clouds of despair.

CHAPTER II.

"There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
When two that are linked in one heavenly tie,
With hearts never changing and brow never cold,
Love on thro' all ills and love on till they die."
T. Moore.

'Tis New Year, 'tis new year! The old year is gone—'tis numbered with the things that were—and we all welcome in the day, the first of another whose scenes are all hid in mystery. Who can read the future—Who can look forward and tell what of happiness, or what of woe awaits him in the days to come? Verily, none! God alone is all seeing, and man, mortal man, is blind.

'Tis evening! the vesper winds are breathing through the leafless branches. The stars float in the azure sea, and pale luna skimmers o'er the earth. There are joyous hearts to night, forgetful that there are those also whose brows are clouded, and whose path is strown with thorns.—The giddy youth around the bachanalian board reflects not that his course is downward, but rushed headlong to destruction.

'Tis evening! and the bells are pealing out upon the stillness of the hour. Within the Church of God are assembled the humble worshippers at the throne of the heavenly grace; the man of God has descended from the pulpit, and standing before the altar are two joyous, loving hearts about to take upon themselves the vows of wedlock. The doting parents stand with pleasant brows, and the good old dame smiles complacently upon the young and trusting pair. Orlando leads a willing bride to the altar of hymen; the ceremony ended, and they are pronounced man and wife.

My brother, chimed in little Billy, as he grasped the hand of the young man.

Are you my brother now, queried little Betty looking with childish simplicity into the features of Orlando.

My son, I congratulate you; said Chester Sinclair, I congratulate you upon your choice—she has been a dutiful daughter, and will make a faithful wife.

Yes! sobbed the matron, take her, take my daughter and love and cherish her for herself. Be good to her, and do not anything that may crush her young hopes; and you, my child, keep nothing a secret from the man of your choice, be trusting and trustful. The mother ceased, and the daugter wept; but they were tears alike of joy and grief—grief, that on the morrow she was to leave the home of her childhood around which clustered such fond recollections, and such cherished scenes, for a stranger's home; and that amid her loneliness she would have the smiles of her husband, to cheer her heart.

Amid the congratulations of their friends they proceeded from the village meeting House to the street, where the carriage was awaiting their coming.

CHAPTER III.

O! say not woman's false as fair;
Ah, no; the love that first can warm
Will leave her bosom never;
No second passion can o'er charm;
She love and loves forever.—*Pocock.*

We pass over one, two, three, four and five years. 'Tis Christmas in the city of New York. The rain is falling thick and fast on the pavements without. The dried and crisped leaves float down the stream, which rushes from the gutters into the river beyond.

In a neat, plain, white-washed dwelling on the out-skirts of the city, a man is dying. The room in which he lays contains a small table, upon which rests a locket and a silver comb. The patient sufferer is an old man, whose hair is silvered over by the frosts of many winters; an aged lady is bending over the couch of the dying, while a meek, delicate young woman is mixing something to relieve the sufferings of the pale and emaciated.

The doctor gazes and shakes his head doubtingly—he looks up at the old mantle clock and seems to say by his looks this is a sad Chrismas to this household.

A sigh escapes that young female, as she stands gazing into the features of the man of medicines. She looks out into the muddy street and drops a silent tear. A knock is heard at the street door, she opens it, and, oh heavens! 'tis Orlando she meets; her husband, whom she had left a year since from dire necessity. They had met again, but there was no change for the better—that same bloated and besotted face—but she grasped his hand, she drew him into the room, and pointed him to the couch of her parents—he sank in his chair, and covered his unsightly face with both hands. Suddenly Chester Sinclair raised himself on the bed. Oh, such a dream, he murmurs, could I but know it was true—could I but realize the fact I then would die content. I dreamed 'twas Christmas, and just such a day as this, and that I was dying, when Orlando, my son Orlando, came in, and beside my couch, with his hand upon his heart and his eyes lifted to Heaven, swore to reform; and then there was a man present who gave him the pledge and he signed it.

At the end of this dream Alice was upon her knees before her misguided husband, looking beseechingly, yet silently into his besotted countenance.

Orlando lifted her from her humble posture, and in few words told how he had been driven and beat about upon the boisterous tide of life, how he had been starving almost, and came to this house as the last to beg alms; having been repulsed by all he asked. And now, said he, by the help of God, that dream shall be consummated. He embraced his loving Alice—the old man breathed a short prayer to the omnipotent, and then sank upon his pillow and breathed out his last.

One, two, three, four and five years have passed since then, and the pledge taken on that Christmas day has been kept. The old lady lived to see her child once more in the enjoyment of happiness, and then died at peace with God and her own conscience.

Reader mind, this is Christmas day, and let me exhort you to shun the ruby wine—touch not the deceiving beverage, but live a sober life.

HOW TO MAKE A FORTUNE.—Take earnestly hold of life, as capacitated for and destined to a high and noble purpose. Study closely the mind's bent for labor or a profession. Adopt it early and pursue it steadily, never looking back to the turning furrow, but forward to the new ground that ever remains to be broken. Means and ways are abundant to every man's success, if will and action are rightly adapted to them. Our rich men and our great men have carved their paths to fortune, and by this internal principle—a principle that can not fail to reward its votary, if it be resolutely pursued. To sigh or repine over the lack of inheritance, is unmanly. Every man should strive to be creator instead of inheritor. He should bequeath instead of borrow. The human race, in this respect, want dignity and discipline. They prefer to wield the sword of valorous forefathers to forging their own weapons. This is a mean and ignoble spirit. Let every man be conscious of the power in him and the Providence over him, and fight his own battles with his own good lance. Let him feel that it is better to earn a crust than to inherit coffers of gold. This spirit of self-nobility, when once learned, every man will discover within himself, under God, the elements and capacities of wealth. He will be rich, inestimably rich in self-resources, and can lift his face proudly.

LIVE FOR A PURPOSE.—The secret of all success in life, of all greatness, nay, of all happiness, is to live for a purpose. There are many persons always busy, who have yet no object in view. They fritter away their energies on a hundred things, and never accomplish anything because never giving their attention to only one thing. They are like butterflies, flitting from spot to spot, never gaining wealth; while the ant, who keeps to a certain circuit around her hole, lays up stores for winter comfort. Such persons are doomed to be dissatisfied in the end, if not sooner, for they find in the race of life they have been passed by all who had a purpose. It is not only the positive drones, therefore, but the busy idlers that make a blunder of life for the want of a purpose.

RESULT OF INTEMPERANCE.—The Troy Times tells a sad story of the destruction of a young and lovely woman by intemperance. A few months since a young lady of one of the first families of that city was married to a New York merchant, under circumstances most auspicious for the happiness of both. Lately she returned to her home in Troy, discarded by her husband on account of her mania for intoxicating drinks, and in a few weeks she died of brain fever, induced by her habits. The father of the young lady has been called upon within three months to mourn the death of a wife and daughter by intoxication; and a son, once noble and manly, whose highest nature has been perverted by the same cause.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE LAST OF ALL.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

My heart now droops in loneliness—
My misery's perfect now;
For dark despair his seal has stamp'd
Upon my throbbing brow;
No voices in affection's tones
Upon my ear now fall;
Alone I tread the path of life—
I am the last of all.

I had a sister—but she died
Within the hours of night;
And when we rose, we found, alas!
That she had taken flight;
None saw her die, for sleep had sealed
The weary eyes of love
And when the morning on us dawn'd,
She was in heaven above.

My brother—he was taken hence
In his fresh morning bloom;
Ere his young spirit yet had caught
One tinge of earthly gloom;
And memory often wakens now
His sweet and winning voice;
Which smooth'd the drooping brow of care
And made the soul rejoice.

The tender grass had scarcely sprung
Above my brother's grave;
Before my mother's spirit fled
To the dear God who gave;—
O, mother, thy undying love
Shall bind my spirit fast;
Until I reach that blessed land
Through Jordan's waves at last.

My father—bitterly he wept
And bowed his aged head;
As children, wife, and all his joys
Like sunbeams from him fled;
He saw his idols one by one
Fade slowly from his side;
As fades the foliage from the tree—
Then broken-hearted died.

And now I am on earth alone
With not one friend to love;
And calmly wait the summons, which
Shall call me home above;
For here, alas, no kindly tones
Upon my hearing fall;
Home, friends and kindred, they are gone,
I am the last of all.

BALTIMORE, 1856.

PRIZE STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE HIDDEN HEART.

BY SARAH J. C. WHITTLESEY,

Author of "Heart Drops from Memory's Urn."

CHAPTER I.

I heard the Autumn wind wailing around the misty eaves, and its mournful sobs deepened the feeling of desolation that pervaded my inmost soul. Now and then, the soft rain, driven by the fitful blasts, surged in the window recess, moaning and sobbing in unison with the restless spirit that throbbed and writhed within me. It was on such a night, that *she* died, my own dear mother, and memory went back, on the wailing wind-drifts, through the dim vista of one long, dark, intervening year, and knelt, in utter loneliness and despondency, beside her lifeless form! I saw, again, the white shroud, and the slender coffin, the mournful funeral train, and the narrow grave, that received in its deep, still bosom, my last, best, earthly friend! I was an orphan, and poor. My dear and idolizing father, too, slumbered peacefully, in the deep shadows and silence of the old church-yard! Long ago he had laid down the wearisome burden of life, and gone to the Aidenn of eternal repose. My spirit fluttered against the bars of its prison, with a wild longing to escape to the upper light, where all who loved me had gone before. Why did not the calm grave stretch its soft arms and fold *me* in its tranquil breast, with the loved ones whose gentle voices could never more soothe the wild anguish of my yearning heart?—why was I left, in the wide, cold world, to suffer alone?—*alone!*

Unconsciously the feelings of wintry wo, that weighed down the wings of my spirit, with surging, rushed tears, condensed and concentrated in the one word—"alone!" and came, low and lingeringly, from my lips—ebbing on the lamp-light and murmuring in the dusky corners, till the narrow chamber seemed echoing with the mournful sound—alone! alone!

A wind-gush came sweeping through the groaning maples, stripping the red leaves from the billowy boughs, and dashing them, with the driving rain against the rattling casements, shrieking around the streaming eaves, wailing through the old garden, and moaning farther and farther away in the dim distance; and up through the solemn lull, along the echoing isles of midnight gloom, ebbed back the low, dying, heart-sickening sound, that syllabled to my spirit-ear the sad refrain—"alone! alone!"

"Lor bless yer hart, honey! ye ain't gone ter bed yit! chick'ns dun crowed fur day, an' here you is wid yer frock on, an' face flat 'pon de table! Is you sleep, chile?"

I raised my head, and turned towards the speaker. Aunt Rose's white cap, in perfect contrast with the smooth ebony face beneath, was protruded through the slightly open door, and the large liquid eyes that met mine were brimful of solicitude and genuine soul-sympathy, that fell, like warm sunshine, upon the frozen tears about my heart.

"Oh! aunty, I am *so* unhappy!" the pent-up flood of misery, gushed out, and I sobbed with overwhelming emotions.

The door-bolt clicked, spasmodically, in the catch, and aunt Rose's big hand fell soothingly and pityingly upon my bowed head. The kind fingers swept compassionately over my unbound tresses, and smoothed back the heavy curls upon my hot forehead, while her sympathetic tongue kept time to the busy hand, as if to calm the raging of the storm within.

"Poor chile! poor chile! don' cry, honey; de darkes' our is jus' 'fore day. Mis July can't make you have 'im, chile, an' 'tain't no use grevin' 'bout dat, honey; 'twill all cum rite bumby."

"But Julia will turn me from her door, aunty, and I shall be homeless and friendless in the cold world! Would that I were sleeping in the grave-yard with my dear parents!—nobody loves me now!"

"Tut! chile, dat ain't rite! De blessed Lord'll sen' fur you w'en your time cums fur ter go, an' 'tain't rite ter 'spute wid 'im, 'cause He sees bes' fur ter let ye live. You mus' trus' ter Him, honey, an' be willin' ter suffer, ef He sees 'tis de bes' fur ye, 'caus de Lord's ways is ollers rite, chile. Ole ant Rose luvs ye, honey—she dus so—I nussed ye frum a little baby, an' I ain't gwine ter see ye 'posed on, nohow. If Mis July turns ye out doors, chile, I'll go, too—*I will!* but she ain't gwine ter do it, honey, she's too feard uv folk's talk. She jest wants ter skeer ye inter marryin' Mars Charles—she wants dat money, chile; lor sakes! w'at mean folks dare is in dis worl', honey! Dare, don' cry no more; jes' le me tuck up dese curls, and wet yer forred wid rosewater—it's burn' hot, chile, an' yer little bits uv white hands, too—poor thing!—an' slip on yer gown, 'cause 'tis mos' day, an' ye ain' slep nun yit, honey—lor sakes!"

The storm had ceased without, and only the soft rain leaking from the eaves, and the plaintive wind-sighs, rippling on the purple waves of the waning night, were heard, as I laid my feverish cheek upon the cold pillow, and lost, in the lethean sea of slumber, the memory of the past, and thoughts of days to come.

CHAPTER. II.

"Myra!"

It was my sister's voice, and sent a cold thrill through my frame. With a heart filled with gloomy forebodings, but firm with a pre-determined resolve, I descended the stairs and entered her apartment. She was my half-sister, the daughter of my father, but not of my mother; a proud ambitious and beautiful woman, who had broken faith with the chosen of her heart, and given her hand to a wealthier suitor; and now she would have me sacrifice the highest and holiest feelings of my nature upon the same gilded altar.

She had never loved me—I felt that—and the cool indifference was reciprocal; there was an uncongeniality of mind and spirit, that repulsed the inward yearning for affection and sympathy, and kept the trailing vines of my lonely heart, far from her.

"Well, Myra, I trust that calm reflection and mature deliberation, have produced a revulsion of feeling and sentiment, seemingly entertained yesterday. Charles awaits your final decision—are you prepared to announce it?"

"I am."

She looked up, at the laconic response, and scrutinized me sharply. The contemplation was obviously unsatisfactory; a half frown became slightly apparent, upon her white brow, but suddenly vanished and a conciliating smile overspread her bland face. I detected the storm-cloud, behind the sunshine, in the dark, fulminating eyes, and nerved myself for the forthcoming thunder-peals of indignation and wrath. I saw she was feigning affability with the hope of coercing me into compliance with her unhallowed and mercenary wishes.

"A girl of your sense must see the absurdity of declining so advantageous a matrimonial alliance, and I hope your decision will be in keeping with the sound judgment that has ever characterized one of *my* name"—the emphasis upon the pronoun, was but the natural result of her perfectly developed organ of Self-Esteem.

"My decision, Julia, is the same as yesterday—unaltered and unalterable." Her eyes grew luminous with rage, and the crimson current of quick passion, burned, through her well put on *rouge*. A half-uttered anathema sprang to her parted lips, but from a secret motive—fortunately remembering, perhaps that 'the better part of valor is discretion'—she restrained the swelling waves of vituperation and abuse, that struggled to burst in fury, upon my obstinate head; there was too much connected with her cupidity, pending upon the result. She swallowed down the upgushing gall and said as calmly as circumstances would permit:

"Consider the consequences of a refusal. You reject a splended home, and every appliance that wealth can procure, to render life desirable, for dependence and old maidism; for with your plain face, and poverty, you will, undoubtedly, stand a shockingly precarious chance, in the matrimonial market, if you neglect the present propitious opportunity! You reject a handsome, intellectual and amiable man—"

"An atheistical and intemperate one, Julia!"

"Two errors easily corrected—merely the appurtenances of youth. Charles Graham circumstantially considered, is one of the most desirable matches in this section, and with reference to *personale*, is a man that any woman might justly be proud of."

"Even granting all for which you contend, there is an insuperable barrier to our union—I don't *love* him Julia."

"Fiddle-de-dee! love! love! everlastingly harping on one string! just as though there were neither life nor breath in marriage, without the die-away sentimentality that only has tangibility in the run-mad visions of brain-cracked novelists! It is preposterous to refuse so brilliant an offer, simply because you don't l-o-v-e him!" (mimicing my tone) "when your heart is unfretted by another and you may easily learn to—hey-day! why are you blushing so beautifully?—ah! I begin to penetrate the mystery—some romantic attachment, 'love in a cottage,' I'll warrant!—'met him by moonlight, alone'—'she never told her love, but let concealment, like a worm i' the bud' and so forth—the beloved poor as skimmed milk, beyond question! Myra Herbert, is it for this—a silly evanescent passion, that you refuse Charles Graham?"

"It is for the reason that I have already assigned, Julia. I neither love him, nor am loved by him. He loves—if he can love—Lucy Maitland, and—"

"Then consent to the requirements of the will, and let the forfeiture be with him. By that means you will inherit his father's wealth, and yet be at liberty to wed your romantic, and, I venture to say, beggarly lover. By acquiescing, compel him to—"

"Never! Charles Graham would retain his patrimony at any sacrifice, *as you well know*, and when once pledged, there would be no retracting with *me*; I would scorn to violate a vow of betrothal, from any motive but that which conscience approved, and sooner die than incur the self-abasement, consequent upon such an infringement"—she winced beneath my glance, and a deathly pallar overspread her forehead—the cheeks remained 'celestial rosy red' with art. "Even were I confident that a simple assent would secure it to me, without one incumberance, I would not condescend to such contemptible duplicity to compass so ignoble an end. I have no right to his father's wealth and it was a mistaken idea, on the part of that father to stipulate such terms, upon such conditions; and had not adverse fortune rendered nugary a corresponding will, on the part of *my* poor father, I would forfeit my own wealth rather than perjure my soul at the bridal altar, by wedding one I did not love."

"Then I am to understand, that you positively *will not* marry Charles Graham?"—her dark, inate eyes blazed with excitement.

"You are. I will never wed him, Julia, let the consequences be what they may—I am prepared to meet them."

I was fortified, by a thorough knowledge of my sister's furious temper, against the shock that succeeded this emphatic negation.

"Then as you deliberately choose poverty to independence, I feel under no obligations to continue the protection and support that I have hitherto extended to you. Prepare to leave my house, and rely upon your own exertions for future subsistence. One so egregiously blind to her own interest, merits no consideration. If you defy the consequences, brave them. And now let me read your future, with the tongue of prophesy. Your days will be spent in the drudgery of a school-room, and your nights in weeping over the memory of the supreme folly of this hour. When too late, you will realize the absurdity, and deplore the madness of this step. You will be passed, contemptuously, by those who are your inferiors in birth and education, and hourly subjected to the sneers and insults that ever attend the poverty-pinched. You doom yourself to a life of celibacy, for no man, possessing a soul sufficiently high and capacious to captivate your exquisitely sensitive, fastidious and immaculate heart (her lips curled with scorn) will bow at the shrine of plainness and penury. You will drag out a few miserable years of incessant toil, for a scanty pittance, and go down to a pauper's grave, 'unwept, unhonored and unsung.'

"This is no fancy sketch, drawn to frighten you from the brink of the precipice upon which you now stand. It is but the outline of the past filled up with the coloring of future probability, in perfect harmony with the events that have already transpired. The ones who sought you, in the sunshine of prosperity, fled when the winter of adversity sifted the cold snows of dependence along your life way. Beauty may compensate, in a measure, for the lack of wealth, but in homeliness and indigence, combined, there is no attraction. Mind is no magnet, Mr. Richmond's *ipse dixit* to the contrary, notwithstanding. A doughty evidence *he* gives of the worth of his theory, when he is seen to wed that silly-headed, self-sufficient Fidelia Grayson! I once fancied him a suppliant at the lofty throne of *your transcendent genius!* (I had turned away, but saw, in the peculiarly sarcastic tone of her voice, the scorn upon her lips) but recent appearances have demonstrated that *wealth* has charms that *mind* cannot rival, even for one who professes to yield the palm to the mental competitor."

The blood rushed from my heart to my head, during the latter part of this extempore discourse, and I leaned upon the window-sill to maintain an upright posture.—Not for the world, would I have permitted her to look upon my face. The world without swam before my vision, and a momentary feeling of agony, curdled in my brain. My sister attributed my silence to vascillation of the reflective faculties, superinduced by her eloquent and impressive harangue, and her softened voice re-called my retrospective thoughts.

"Myra, do you relent?"

"I do not; I can brave all things but an accusing conscience, Julia."

Her eyes flashed fire again.

"Then go! henceforth I disown you!"

Aunt Rose's head had introduced itself into the apartment, during the torrent of invectives from the foiled mercenary. I met her large mournful eyes, looking in, through the door-way, as I turned to obey my sister's imperative command. They were full of glittering tears, and two big drops were rolling down either cheek. She wiped them off, hastily, with her homespun apron, and came towards me.

"Lor bless yer hart, honey! never mine it, chile! Marster ain' a-gwine ter let ye go—ole ant Rose nose *dat*, honey! Mis July don' mean it, chile! Lor sakes! how folks *will* talk 'bout 'er, ef she turns ye out doors, an' no place ter lay yer poor hed in, an' she got anuff fur bofe, an' yer father an' mudder ded an' gone, too, honey, an' you all 'lone in de worl', chile, wid no munny an' no kin, 'cep' her, poor thing."

A deep sob ebbed through her check apron, that shook up the tears into my own eyes, and well nigh destroyed the equanimity that I struggled to preserve, in the presence of my unfeeling sister.

Aunt Rose wiped her eyes again, and continued, in a broken, indignant tone:

"Lord knows you ain' been etin de bred uv laziness, chile; you's worked hard anuff ter pay yer board, an' more too, honey! Mis July ain' paid no scoolin' fur er chil'n sense you cum here, nuther, an' Mis Marlo' ses how ef you was her sister she wood-'n' put so much outer yer, an' she rich as Mis July, too! John heerd 'er sed it ter Mars Richmon'"

Julia's face grew livid with rage and wounded pride.

"Leave the room, this instant, you black wretch, or I'll teach you to eaves-drop, and fabricate lies!"

"Oh! Mis July, honey, you ain' gwine ter turn 'er out doors, chile! you'll 'pent it de longes' da you lives—you will *so!* I nussed 'er frum a little baby, an' ole missus telled me on 'er deth bed—poor thing!—ter took keer uv 'er w'en she was gone! an' I is gwine ter, too!—don' be feerd, honey, ole ant Rose'll stan' by ye twell 'er ole hed goes un'er de groun' an' den 'er sperrit'll wach over ye, chile, of de Lord'll let 'er cum back."

"I'm not afraid, aunty; I am willing to earn my daily bread by the exercise of the powers that God has given me, and while *you* live I shall never feel all alone."

My heart was bursting with agonized emotions, and I passed abruptly into the hall, to avoid the inevitable consequence of a longer interview with the faithful and affectionate old servant.

CHAPTER III.

I met the deep eye of Mr. Richmond, as I turned to ascend the stairs. His rich voice enquired for my brother-in-law, and unnerved, by the sound, I hastened to escape it.

"Miss Herbert!" I was forced to turn at the call. He had entered the hall, and stood looking sternly and piercingly into my moist eyes. He advanced, slowly and gravely, towards me, as I descended the steps, quivering in every limb. I never met those dark, fathomless orbs, but they sent an indefinable thrill through my whole frame, and for the moment, unstrung every nerve in my entire system.

I strove to regain composure, and prayed, inwardly, for strength to sustain me, in this trying ordeal, and conceal the secret that I would have suffered torture rather than have had revealed.

"My brother is absent, sir." I was surprised at the calmness of my own voice.

"And in his absence, may I not speak with his sister? am I so formidable that

you thus seek to avoid my presence?" a dark frown contracted his lofty brow.

"I thought, sir—"

"You thought!" he interjected, gruffly—and after a pause—"well, what did you think?"

"That my presence was not desirable, sir."

"Humph!" he muttered; then taking my hand he asked, more kindly: "well, how do you do?"

"I am not very well, sir."

"As I saw at first glance; and yet physic would do you no good; you want a panacea for the mind."

He led me into the parlor, and closed the door, carefully, behind him, still retaining my hand.

"Am I not right?" he seated himself beside me, on a sofa, and turned his face full upon mine.

I looked up, to read the expression of that face. It was firm as adamant, and the broad brow had not relaxed its sternness.

"There; you need not answer me, in words, nor trouble yourself to hunt for an evasion. Your malady is of the mind—what is it?"

"Sir, you must not draw inferences so hastily; you are not justifiable, in this conclusion. I am physically indisposed."

"Granted; this feverish hand is 'confirmation strong' of that; and yet that indisposition arises, mainly, from sympathy with the mind. You have experienced some recent trouble; I saw it more clearly at first glance than now; you are an adept at self-control, and have baffled me many times since I first saw you, six months ago. Do you remember our first meeting, Myra?"

"I do, sir—well."

He sat silently, some time, regarding me attentively. I felt the crimson creeping up to my cheeks, beneath his gaze.

"You were far happier then than now, and yet not happy then. What has occurred to distress you, Myra? for distressed you *are*, and sorely, too. In the silence of your chamber, you would weep tears of anguish!—in fact, there is one trembling upon your eyelid now—what is the matter, Myra?—tell me."

Had life been the forfeit, I could not have controlled my feelings, now; copious tears gushed from my over-charged heart and relieved its throbbing misery. He walked quickly across the apartment, and resumed his seat quiety beside me, without a word.

"Mr. Richmond, excuse my weakness, and attribute it to physical debility."

"I shall not," he said bluntly—he hesitated. "You want a friend, Myra; will you accept one in me?"

"You, sir?"

"Yes, *me!*" his voice grew harsh, and the usual sternness came back to his corrugated brow—"am I unworthy of trust, that you regard me with that expression?"

"No, sir, but—"

"But, what?"

"I thought you too indifferent to proffer friendship to me—"

"You did!" he muttered surlily;—"well, now that you see your error in judgment, will you accept me as your friend?"

"I will most gratefully, Mr. Richmond, for I have few friends, now that fortune has deserted me!"

"There! did I not say that your illness proceeded from the mind? Your eyes are brimming with tears, at the bare suggestion of friendship. What has happened to disturb you?—tell me, Myra."

"I can *not*, sir!"

I spoke inadvertently. His kind voice and evident sympathy, went to my heart, and drew forth, involuntary, a virtual acknowledgment of mental suffering.

He started up, evincing greater excitement than I had ever seen him betray; he was uniformly cold, calm and stern, in demeanor. He held me in awe, while every fibre of my heart was twined around him. For some minutes he strode the apartment in perfect silence. I threw surreptitious glances at his averted face to observe the effect of the delicate workings of the spiritual machinery. He was evidently devising something—I saw it in the flash and introversion of the fathomless, midnight eye—in the firm mouth, and thought-clouded brow.

Presently he turned, sat down, and locked his arms suddenly around me.

"Now, Myra, I *swear* I will never release you from my bosom, till you have confided to me the secret that is crushing your soul!"

I gave one impulsive struggle for freedom, but he held me, firmly, to his breast. My eyes met his, as I drew back, instinctively; the deep, grave glance reassured me. I yielded, tacitly, to his will. He was many years my senior—had he been younger and less blunt, in manner, and stern in seeming, I would have resented the act indignantly. It did not seem like presumption in him; there was too much earnestness and genuine solicitude beaming in that calm, sad face, bent so gravely to mine.

"Mr. Richmond, 'swear not at all.'"

"I will not, again, unless you compel me; profanity, Myra, is not my greatest sin. You are very unhappy—tell me why, and if in my power to aid you, let me have the satisfaction of ameliorating your sorrow. I had a sister, once—a dear, darling sister—she is in Heaven now!—you remind me of her. Give me the confidence of that sister; it will be as sacredly preserved, as though the same ties bound you to me."

He made me trust him implicitly. I laid my head on his shoulder, and wept unrestrainedly. It was the happiest moment I had ever known. I could have died there, without a struggle for life, to escape the misery of seeing him united, indissolubly, to another.

"Mr. Richmond, I am grateful for your kindness and sympathy, but the source of my unhappiness is beyond the reach of your friendship, and it would be improper to divulge it. Let me go, sir; I shall be happier, now that I have found one true friend."

"Never! I have sworn it—shall I offend again? Be still, Myra, and listen to me; I would sever this right arm sooner than wrong or pain you—have you faith in me?"

I raised my eyes to his; I feared him less than any living man, in spite of his abruptness and stern exterior, and loved him beyond expression, for the strong high soul I detected beneath the plain, unassuming mask. He was handsome; never had I beheld a more faultless manly face, but it was the proud, unwavering, self-reliant soul, looking through those deep, mild eyes, that had drawn me from myself, and inurned my spirit in his own life.

The faintest glimmer of a smile softened his face, as he looked down upon mine.

"You do; I see it in your eyes; they are quite as expressive as words. Do you know, Myra, that I can read the language of your heart, through that medium?"

"Impossible, sir; that you cannot!"

"Put me to the proof—there; lay your head back, on my shoulder—no twisting! lift those drooping lids and I will tell you all your trouble. Its origin is domestic—that nervous start answers in the affirmative—you have no sympathy where you naturally look first to find it, and it is a sense of loneliness and isolation, that is crushing you. Now am I not good at divination?"

"Sir, you did not read that in my eyes."

"How then do I know it?"

"You do not, sir."

"*I do!*"—the peculiar emphasis startled me.

"I know more of your domestic annoyance than you are aware of; why don't you escape them, Myra?"

"I am going to, sir."

"When?" a dark cloud came over his countenance.

"As soon as I can, sir."

"And how soon is that?" he asked bluntly.

"I don't know, sir; I must advertise first."

"Advertise?" he looked at me wonderingly—"advertise!" he repeated; he ran his fingers through the raven curls upon his forehead reflectively.

"What the deuce are you going to advertise for?" he grumbled.

"For a situation as governess, sir."

"The devil!" he ejaculated.

"Mr. Richmond!"

"I beg your pardon, Myra; I am so surprised that it slipped out unaware—say you forgive me!"

"I do, sir."

I saw a strange expression upon his earnest face; there was something he was evidently weighing in his mind. He turned towards me with a half irresolute air.

"I thought—" he stopped—"I thought you would escape them by marriage," he said, hurriedly.

"With whom, sir?"

"Mr. Graham, your affianced."

"No, sir; I am not and never was plighted to him. It is true our parents desired it, and designed to accomplish their purpose, by making either penniless for disobedience; but I shall never marry Mr. Graham."

"Why not, Myra?"

"Simply because I don't *love* him, Mr. Richmond."

"And yet you forfeit a splendid fortune by refusing to fulfil the contract."

"Very true, sir, but I prefer poverty and a guiltless conscience, to wealth and a perjured soul!"

A long pause ensued; at length I ventured to look up. His large luminous eyes met mine. I had never seen him really *smile*, till now. He was grave even morose, in general, having the appearance of a man who turned from the world, in scorn, for some unpardonable offence, and lived recluse, in the hermitage of his own great, independent being. True I had seen his firm face relax, and the phantom of a spirit-light flit over his softened features, but no clear blaze of soul-sun-shine, had ever irradiated it as now. His face was richly flushed, and the usually fixed and rigid lips were slightly parted, and soft to effeminacy in the halo of inner light that surrounded them.

"What sort of a man could you love, Myra?" he asked suddenly and softy.

"I must first love, sir, and then I can tell you."

"You were rosy red, a moment since, and now you are deathly pale—what is the matter? You are really ill, Myra; your hand is burning hot, and the fever of your cheek is on my shoulder, yet. Now go to your chamber; I will send your physician—but first tell me, why do you leave this house?"

"Because I must, sir; sister disowns me for choosing poverty rather affluence."

"And would send you into the world, homeless and friendless!—damn her!" he enunciated, hoarsely.

"Sir!"

"Girl, it is beyond the power of unregenerate man, to keep, his temper, and refine his words, at such an expose of mortal meanness! I mean no disrespect to *you*; she is your sister—your *half* sister—has your blood in her veins, but not one whit of your nature. Rely upon my friendship, Myra, and trust this care of a home to me. I think I can procure it—and a pleasant one. Do you know Mrs. Marlow?"

"I did, sir, in the days of prosperity; we have had no intercourse for years."

"Nevertheless she is *your* friend, yet, and in her home, your smothered soul will revive, breathing the atmosphere of sympathy and congeniality. Do you confide in me, Myra?" he laid his hand, gently, upon my head, as one, conscious of superiority and power, would caress and soothe a suffering child.

I dared not trust my voice, nor raise my eyes; I silently extended my hand. He took it, with a soft, but firm clasp—firm and calm as his own great soul, and stooped down and scanned my face, with a quick, eager glance.

"Now go to your room, and dismiss all anxious thoughts; you need rest. But—" and he drew me back again; "you don't wan't to go farther away, Myra? is there nor one *here* you would be loth to leave?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who is it?"

"My old nurse who would lay down her life to serve me."

"Is that all? have you but *one* friend?"

"I hope so, sir—my brother and—"

"Well?"

"And *you*, sir."

"Would you really feel one regret to leave *me*, Myra?"

I raised my head involuntarily. I loved him so entirely, that the implied doubt seemed like sacrilege. The same peculiar, sunshiny smile came over his face. I shrank from the inward suggestion, that perhaps he had interpreted my thoughts, and answered as coldly as possible:

"Certainly, sir; I am not impervious to kindness. I should remember you as a brother."

"But I am *not* your brother!" he said this with an energy and flash of the eye, that unnerved me; his bosom swelled.

"Now go to your room, Myra; I have detained you too long—you are trembling with weariness. Rely upon me—*deo volente*, I will see you soon—good bye"—and he was gone.

[To be Continued.]

THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

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THE NEW VOLUME.

Reader! a new year has set in, laden with its many bright hopes, which, by the blessings of Providence, may you and may we realize. We greet you this New Year's morning with a radiant smile playing upon our face, and hope you will not fail to appreciate the greatly enlarged sheet and the new dress of the *Times*. We come by your permission to pay our friendly visits for the year 1857.

Notwithstanding the many good political papers and those devoted to special and specific purposes in the South, there is still a vacancy to be filled, in which every citizen is especially interested; and for the accomplishment of which they should be induced to work by the love of home and all that makes home happy. To fill this vacancy, the *Times* has been established. And that it may wholly fill so important a destination, the Publishers are sparing neither labor nor expense. They have engaged in their cause the most gifted talents of the country, whose productions will give to the South a weekly Journal worthy of the cause of Education and of refined Literature.

Our motto shall ever be "Onward," and with that spirit, shall strive to make each number better than the preceding.

The history of the Common School System will embrace its origin, its introduction, its progress, its difficulties, its present condition, its laws and regulations and its perspective benefits in the future. Every board of Superintendents, every committee, every teacher and every patron of the Common Schools should avail themselves of this history, written by the General Superintendent for *their* especial benefit. Being a full, yet plain digest of the laws of the system, it will give much needed information and save great trouble to all the officers from the Chairmen of county boards to each individual teacher.

To the friends of a higher grade of education—of our University and Colleges—we shall present during the year, the history of these institutions. What friend of the University would not like to go back with the historian for more than half a century, and analyze the thoughts of the men that lived and acted then—that established and handed down to posterity so noble an institution as the present honored University of North Carolina. And who can tell the first daring mind that suggested the propriety of a Female College; something *then* so new and unheard of, but *now* so common and honored. Should you wish to know, then heed the pen of the historian.

In concluding our New Year's salutation, already too long, permit us to remark that the world shall be our constant text book, and whatever shall thereon be found by the eagle eye of progress, shall be disintegrated by the ploughshare of industry, and borne on the ship of thought for the readers of the *Times*.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

NUMBER I.

It is well, occasionally, to stretch our minds beyond the boundaries of our own quiet home; beyond the beauties of nature or art, that possession or long enjoyment, has made emphatically our own—it is patriotic to look beyond these circumscribed scenes, however replete with satisfaction, and contemplate "the wild and wonderful," that the God of nature has thrown around our common country, to attract our attention, create new ties of union, instruct us in his providence, and lead our reflections up to Him.

In turning to the old and thickly peopled countries of Europe, we find every hill canonized in song—every streamlet consecrated by some tale of affection or sorrow, and every gushing cataract made interesting by reminiscences of those who have written, or bled by the murmurs of its waters. These things are not accidental, or without high and salutary effects; attachments to the scenery and soil are strengthened by such associations; and the barren rock or the wild ravine, that poetry or battle has consecrated, is dear to the hearts of those who can say, "this is my own, my native land." In this respect, the pen of the poet and historian has made more serfs, and chained more to the soil, than the sword of the conqueror. Hence we hold it well, that scenes of peculiar interest be brought to public view; that what there is grand or pleasent in our country, be known and enjoyed.

Indulging, Messrs. Editors, such reflections I have been induced to sketch a few descriptions of the beauties of nature in our own land, which, if unlike the declining splendor of the old world, at least should be fraught with interest enough to throw around the senses of mortality a charm and a delight. Then we invite your readers to accompany us for a while throughout the circle of our travel.

The scenery along the Delaware river at any point is rich, grand and imposing. The neat villages with their active hum, in mockery of a city's continued uproar; the green sloping banks, that dip their luxuriant herbage far into the waters, and stretched along in one broad expanse, a rich mirror of the reflected Heavens, is the ample Delaware, whose deep waters flow down to their parent ocean, as still, as calm and placid as the breast of infancy. Here and there the noble stream is dotted by a skiff or its glossy surface broken by the splashing of the steamboat, which undulates the current and goes foaming on, "walking the water like a thing of life"—yet in a few seconds, the ripple subsides, the bosom of the stream retains no impress of her form,

"The parted wave no furrow from her keel."

And like a well regulated mind it flows on in its own tranquility.

It is true, as we stand upon the margin, sometimes, a thought obtrudes, that we are like the stream before us, passing in quiet down to that ocean into which time is merged, and all the rich display, the enticing outlay of wealth, and the congregated beauties of nature, that delight the eye and exalt the affections, shall, in a few short moments, be the gratification of others, who will take our stand, and view with our gratifications, while we "shall be no more remembered." Such thoughts, however, would be dismissed, as unworthy the feelings of gratitude that is due to Him, who has spread out the beauties of creation, and placed us in the midst thereof, with powers to appreciate and capacities to enjoy.

But we are moralizing, when perhaps our place is to describe; but the fact is, it was the very act of describing that made us moralize, and we would (not) like to see the man who could stand where we are supposed to be, and not moralize. If the stream, its rich contributions to wealth and comfort, its enamelled banks, and variegated scenery, if all these excite no other than ordinary feelings in the spectator, let him stand and gaze and think, like the poet's peasant, till the stream shall have passed away.

CLAUDE.

Beech Spring, N. C., Jan. 1, 1857.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—We learn from the Columbia South Carolinian, that the passenger car on the Union and Spartanburg road, a few miles above Ashford's ferry, was thrown from the track on Friday last, down an embankment some fifty feet, rolling over three times and becoming a wreck, and that of fifteen or eighteen passengers, most of them were more or less hurt.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

FIRESIDE REFLECTIONS.

BY MATTIE MAY.

NUMBER I.

Now, that the blasts of Winter are howling without, we gather our joys around the cheerful fireside, and while the hours away, either in sweet converse with the loved ones of the home circle, or indulge in the ever delightful reverie. How wide a field of thought is at once displayed to our mental vision, and how gladly we sink down quietly, to contemplate life as it appears!

Life is strangely beautiful, strangely fraught. One moment the heart is joyous, and basking in the sunshine of prosperity; the next and all seems overshadowed with gloom. The sun which brightly illumed our pathway in the early morn, at even, is often hidden by the frowning clouds, which are heaped against the western sky. Yet how fascinating is life! We cling to it madly, and twine around it the fondest dreams of the heart, in the fond expectation of seeing them realized, though we feel that the next moment we will see them perish in the flames of adversity. How often we mourn this, accusing Him who designed all things of injustice. Rash and erring mortals that we are, could we but lift the veil of Futurity and see that afflictions are wisely sent, then might we always feel happy. But it is right that we may not know the future; else we would have no cause to own a faith in God; and this would at once destroy the most beautiful institution of God's wisdom; would take from the heart that consoling sentiment—"Thy will be done."

Life to each and every individual is but a mental horoscope. We ourselves, are in many ways the creators of our joys and sorrows. It is the mind which gives coloring to every scene of life, and how often we forget our destines and suffer our happiness to be ruled by idle vagaries which are but the offspring of enervating dreams. There are many who mope through a long existence, and to them life is but a mere existence, for they have forgotten the commission given them when man was first made; forgotten that labor and toil is the portion of life, and that the inscription upon our hearts should be, "Prepare to meet thy God." To such there is but one note which can animate their minds, and that is the awful call with which Eternity bursts on their awakened vision.

But there are those who keenly feel that life is a reality, and that each moment teems with fruit for Eternity. With them I would cast my portion, and nobly strive to make life, not the fading dream it seems, but a grand Eternal truth. The key of our destinies is somewhat under our control, and there is no meditation so sweet as when we dive into the mysteries of life. Its beautiful and ever changing hues attract us with their novelty, and is deeply interesting to note the quick succession of scenes, be they sad or gay. To a mind delighting in such observations, life is more beautiful, more fascinating the longer we live. Even in the gloom of affliction there is a gleam of joy lighting our pathway, and surrounding us with a halo of cheerfulness that never fails to enrich the mind. "All things work together for good to them that love the Lord;" is a maxim which invests life with a new charm yes life is very fascinating.

AN OSSIFIED MAN.—In a quiet little village on the Western Reserve in Ohio, says the Prescott *Transcript*, there lives a man who, physiologically considered, is certainly one of the wonders of the world. His joints are completely ossified, turned to bone, and he is not capable of making the slightest movement, except alternately opening and shutting two fingers of his right hand. His body is as rigid as iron, and it could not be bent forward or backward without breaking some of his bones. This singular process of ossification has been going on in his system for more than twenty years. He is now about 46 years old, and has not had the use of his limbs, so that he could walk, since he was nineteen. Ossification commenced first in his ankle joints, gradually extending itsely through his system, until he was entirely helpless. Since that time he has been entirely under his mother's care, and she watches over him with anxiety which only a mother can feel.

When about twenty years old he became entirely blind, and has remained so ever since. At about thirty he suffered greatly from the toothache, and finally he had his teeth all extracted. A year or two afterwards his finger and toe nails all came off, and were supplied by others growing out from his fingers and toes at right angles, and presenting the appearance of horns. What is still more singular with regard to his nails is, if the end of the nail is cut off, it will bleed freely.

Such is the condition of this remarkable man at the present time. He has been visited by a great number of scientific men, from all parts of the world, but all have failed to give any plausible reason of the cause of his transformation from flesh to bone. Singular as it may appear, although his jawbone is firmly set in his head, he not only talks freely, but fluently converses with his friends and those who visit him; on all ordinary topics of the day, and he shows himself well informed and of good mind. He is always cheerful, appears contented and happy, and it seems probable that he will live many years to come.—*Natchez Courier.*

When we record our angry feelings, let it be on the snow, that the first beam of sunshine may obliterate them forever.

☞ This is the last line set in 1856.

NEW ENGLAND HOME.

BY BEATRICE.

I've crossed the blue and trackless main,
And travel'd o'er Castillian plains,
And slept beside her fountains!—
Have braved the Sirce's deadly wrath,
And toiled up many a rugged path,
O'er Alleghany mountains.

I've wandered through Italia's vales,
O'er bonnie Scotland's hills and dales,
Among the fragrant heathes:—
I've mingled in the merry dance,
With beauteous dames of *la belle France*,
Who "love all sorts of wrathes."

I've seen the sun in beauty set
O'er moslem towers and minaret—
And gild the earth with glory:—
I've traced the wilds of Hindostan,
Fair England's vales and Scotia's strand,
And learned from each its story.

Though beautiful your land, your sky,
Your women and your mountains high—
Your palaces and domes:—
Yet none so fair on all the earth,
As the dear land which gave me birth,
My own New England home.

Though fair your isles, your plains, your sea,
New England's vales are fair to me,
From them I'll never roam:—
Her skies are bright, *I love them still!*
Fair Freedom sits on every hill,
Of our New England homes.

☞ The "Local" of the Richmond *Whigh* makes the following underhanded fling at the Ladies. Wonder if his stingy soul ever spent a dollar for one of the *dear* little ones?

True.—While several persons were holding an impromptu inquest, on Saturday, over the corpse of a young deer, received by a commission merchant, of this city, some one asked if the fur would answer for ladies' wear. "Oh no!" replied another, "it is too coarse, and cheap. If it was worth $100, instead of $2 or 3," he added, it would be the very thing, no matter how coarse it might be.

SUPERINTENDENT OF COMMON SCHOOLS.—We observe with pleasure that the bill to abolish the office of Superintendent of Common Schools in this State has been defeated in the House of Commons. Nothing, it seems to us, but a malignant spirit of party, or a narrow contracted vision which cannot look beyond the salary of the Superintendent, and discover the ulterior advantages which must result from the services of an officer of this description, whose time and talents are devoted to the perfecting of our system of Common Schools, could have prompted this movement. And we agree with Mr. Erwin that the bill should have been entitled "a bill for decapitating Mr. Wiley."—Mr. E. could not believe that any portion of the people of North Carolina, would be in favor of this bill, which would break up and destroy a system productive of the best results. Mr. Wiley was a minister of the Gospel of high character and christian virtues, whose attainments fully qualified him for the office he held. He believed the opposition to Mr. Wiley arose from the fact that he had broken up the system of plunder, which robbed the white children of the State and deprived them of the money allotted for their education. The Superintendent had done the cause of God and the State good service. He stated the willingness of his section of the country to contribute to the payment of the salary, whether it interfered with Railroad funds or not, and as the passage of the bill would destroy our common school system, he hoped the House would reject it.

It is due to those who favored the abolishment of the office to say that they did so on the ground of expenses in paying salaries, and the desire to have all the funds applied for the benefit of the schools.

Our satisfaction at the defeat of the bill arises not so much from friendship for the present Superintendent (altho' we believe him to be a faithful officer and estimable man,) as from a desire of having continued an office which must necessarily be productive of benefit to our system of Common Schools.—*Wil. Herald.*

A FINE COUNTRY.—*The Nueces Valley.*—This region of Texas, though but recently settled, and but little known, is beginning to be considered as equal in beauty and fertility, if not superior, to any other portion of the State.—And, as yet, the lands are excessively cheap. "P. S. H.," a correspondent of the *Goliad Express*, says that pasturage, when almost burned from the face of the earth for hundreds of miles to the East, was not only plentiful, but green as though watered by the refeshing showers of spring. The soil ceased not to produce abundantly during the long and tedious drouth, of the summer of 1856. When the grain fields were almost barren east of this, corn here was ever green and flourishing. There is no doubt but that the Nueces valley is a great grain country, from the mouth of its river up high in the country. Cotton has never been tried, though no doubt cotton would grow finely. The time is not far distant when the whole of the Nueces valley will be under fence and in cultivation. The country of Live Oak embraces "that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet." Near the centre of the country is the union of the Nueces and Frio, together with the San Christoval, Puenta Piedra, and other streams. On one of the tributaries of the Nueces, is laid out the town of Oakville, beautifully selected on the banks of the Puenta Piedra. The town is surrounded by fertile valleys interspersed with groves of timber, and well watered. Contiguous to the town are Mineral Springs, whose medicinal qualities, though never analysed, have been pronounced by eminent physicians of great value.—*Texas Ch. Advocate.*

An Irishman, in speaking of a relative who was hung, said he died during a tight rope performance.

There is many a good wife who cannot dance or sing well.

TIMES WEEKLY ALMANAC.

JANUARY.

DAY OF MONTH	SUN RISES	SUN SETS
Thursday,... 1	7 11	4 49
Friday,..... 2	7 11	4 49
Saturday,... 3	7 11	4 49
Sunday,..... 4	7 10	4 50
Monday,..... 5	7 10	4 50
Tuesday,.... 6	7 10	4 50
Wednes 7	7 9	4 51
Thursday,... 8	7 9	4 51
Friday,..... 9	7 8	4 52
Saturday, ...10	7 8	4 52

MOON'S PHASES.

	DAY.	HOUR.	MINUTE.
First Quarter,...	3	6	47 A. M.
Full Moon,....	10	8	38 A. M.
Last Quarter,.	17	11	19 P. M.
New Moon, ...	25	5	51 "

Commercial.

WILMINGTON MARKET, DEC. 27.
[Reported by CUMMING & STYRON.]

BACON—		NAILS,	5 a
N. C., hog round,	13½a	TURPENTINE—	
Western Sides,	13 a	Yellow dip	2.55 a
" Shoulders,	a 11	Virgin,	a2.35
Hams,	15 a	Hard,	1.55 a
LARD, N.C.	a 15	TAR,	1.50 a
BUTTER,	20 a 23	ROSIN—	
BEESWAX,	23 a 24	No. 1,	2.87½a3.00
CANDLES—		" 2,	1.25 a
Adam'tine,	30 a 33	Common,	1.10 a
Sperm,	45 a 50	SPIRITS—	
CORN,	60 a 64	Tarp'tine,	40 a
COFFEE—		POTATOES—	
Rio,	12½a	Bbls.,	a
Lagura,	13½a 14	RICE,	4½a
N.C. SHEETINGS,	7½a 8	SALT—	
" YARN,	17 a 17½	Alum,	50 a
FEATHERS,	45 a 50	Sack,	1.10 a
FLOUR—		SUGAR—	
Superfine,	7.25 a	Clarified,	11 a 11½
Extra,	7 75 a	P. R.,	9½a 10
Fine,	7.00 a	DRIED APPLES—	
Family,	7a.75	pr bus.	3 a
Scratched,	6.50 a6.75	Peeled peaches,	5 a
HAY—		Unpeeled,	2 a
N. C.,	90 a1.00	BRANDY—	
MOLASSES—		Peach,	70 a 75
Cuba,	44 a 45	Apple,	50 a 60
MACKEREL—		LIME,	1.25 a1.35
2 no.	6 a	COTTON,	11½a 11½
3 no.	6.50 a6.75	OATS,	38 a
PORK,	23 a 24	WHEAT—	
GUANO—		Red,	a245
Peruvian, 1 ton,	62 00 a	White,	a150
" 5 tons,	60.00 a	CHEESE,	12½a

NORFOLK MARKET, Va., DEC. 22.
[Reported by ROWLAND & BROTHERS.]

BACON—		FLAXSEED,	1.45 a
Hams,	13 a 15	FLOUR—	
Hog round,	13 a 13½	Fine,	7.25 a
Western Sides,	10 a	Superfine,	7.25 a
" Shoulders,	8 a 8½	Extra,	8.00 a
BEANS—		Family,	8.50 a
White,	1.50 a1.75	HAY—	
B. E. PEAS,	62 a1.00	Cargo,	86 a1.00
BUCKWHEAT—		OATS,	1.75 a1.80
Bag,	94 a	SALT—	
BUTTER—		Fine ground sack,	1.70 a
Goshen	20 a 25	Ground Alum,	1.12 a
Glade,	23 a 26	Blown,	1.60 a1.70
LARD—		SUGAR—	
No 1 & 2,	14 a 15	Refined,	11½a 13
DRIED APPLES—		Crushed,	14 a 15
per bushel,		W. India,	10½a 11½
28 lbs.	1.40 a 145	SHINGLES—	
Peaches, peeled,		Heart, 12 in	
2 bus 40 lbs,	4.50a5.00	bunch,	7.00 a
BEESWAX,	a 24	Sap " "	4.00 a5.00
COTTON,	10 a 10½	WHISKEY,	26 a 28
CORN—		LIME—	
White,	63 a 65	Camden,	1.12 a1.25
Mixed,	62 a	WHEAT—	
Yellow,	63 a 65	Red,	1.40 a
COFFEE—		White,	1.50 a
Rio,	11½a 12½	STAVES—	
Laguira,	13 a	R. O. Hhd,	31.00 a 33.00
CANDLES—		H. O. Hhd,	43.00 a
Adamantine	25 a 28	" a. " Heading,	55.00 a
SOAP—		PORK—	
Brown,	4½a 8	p. ℔ mess,	21.00 a22.00
Yellow,	4½a 8	MOLASSES—	
GUANO—			50 a 56
Peruvian, sales, per ton,	58.00 a		
EGGS,	20 a		
SHINGLES—			
	4.00 a4.50		

FAYETTEVILLE MARKET, DEC. 19.

BACON,	13 a 13½	LARD,	16 a
BEESWAX,	24 a 25	MOLASSES—	
CANDLES—		Hhds	45 a 47
Fay. fact'ry,	a 20	N. Orleans,	a
Adamantine,	30 a 32	NAILS,	5 a
Sperm,	35 a 50	SALT—	
COFFEE—		Liverpool, sack,	1 50 a
Rio,	11½a 13½	Alum, bushel,	75 a
Laguira,	15 a	FLAXSEED	125a
St. Domingo,		CLOVER SEED, ℔ lb,	12½a 15
COTTON—		BRANDY—	
Strictly prime,	11½a	Peach,	90 a1 00
Prime,	11½a	Apple,	65 a 75
COTTON YARNS—		N. C. WHISKEY,	60 a 65
No. 5 to 10,	60 a 19	SUGAR—	
FEATHERS,	40 a	Loaf,	15 a
FLOUR—		Crushed,	14½a 15
Family,	7 00 a	St. Croix,	12½a 13
Superfine,	6.50 a	Porto Rico,	11½a 12
Fine,	6 00 a	N. Orleans,	10½a 11
Scratched	5.50 a	TALLOW,	10 a
CORN,	85 a 90	TOBACCO—	
WHEAT,	1 10 a1 20	Leaf,	a
OATS,	40 a	Manufact'd	15 a 40
PEAS,	75 a	WOOL,	16 a 17½
RYE,	80 a		
HIDES—			
Dry,	11 a 12½		
Green,	3½a 4½		

GREENSBORO MARKET, DEC. 25.
[Reported by RANKIN & McLEAN.]

BACON,	a 15	HIDES—	
BEEF,	4 a 5	Green,	a 5
BEESWAX,	a 20	Dried,	a 10
BUTTER,	a 15	HAY,	50 a 60
COFFEE,	a 16½	LARD,	a 13½
CANDLES—		MOLASSES,	a 57
Tallow,	22 a 25	NAILS,	6 a 7
Adam'tine,	37 a 40	OATS,	40 a
Sperm,	55 a 60	PEAS—	
CORN,	75 a1.00	Yellow,	62 a 75
Meal,	75 a1.00	White,	75 a
CHICKENS,	10 a 12½	PORK,	8 a
APPLES—		RAGS,	2 a 3
Peeled,	50 a 62	RICE,	8 a 10
PEACHES—		SALT,	2.00 a
Peeled,	2.00 a2.25	SUGAR—	
Unpeeled,	a 75	Brown,	14 a 15
EGGS,	a 10	Loaf,	18½a
FEATHERS	35 a 40	Crushed,	18½a
FLOUR,	5.50 a6.00	Clarified,	15 a
FLAXSEED,	a1.00	TALLOW,	12½a 15
WHEAT,	1.00 a1.12	WOOL,	25 a 30

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THE TIMES.

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J. W. ALBRIGHT.

Corresponding Editors.
ROD. G. STAPLES, Portsmouth, Va.
MARTHA HAINES BUTT, Norfolk, Va.
WILLIAM R. HUNTER, New York, (formerly Charleston, S. C.)
LUTHER G. RIGGS, Bridgeport, Conn.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

THURSDAY, JAN. 1, 1857.

Positive Arrangement.

Subscribers receiving their papers with a cross mark are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

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BRIEF PROSPECTUS

For the benefit of such as may happen to see this number of the TIMES.

Being determined to present to the Southern States, a LITERARY and FAMILY JOURNAL worthy of their patronage, we have the pleasure of presenting an array of talent as regular contributors to the columns of the TIMES, not surpassed by any other paper published in the Union.

The reading matter will consist of Original Stories, History, Biography, Agriculture, Education, Poetry, and the News of the day. The paper contains no sectarianism, but will aim to enlighten, amuse, and inculcate sound moral principle. It will strive to be a mirror of the world around us. The Serials which we will present from time to time, and which are procured at great expense, will be from the pens of the most gifted of the American Literati.

Besides the several serials commenced in the present number, we have the pleasure of announcing the following highly interesting and instructive papers on hand to follow in quick succession.

A HISTORY OF THE COMMON SCHOOL SYSTEM IN N. C., from its first introduction into the Legislature to the present time, with remarks on its past difficulties and present prospects, be *Rev. C. H. Wiley*, State Superintendant of Common Schools.

THE HISTORY OF THE MALE AND FEMALE COLLEGES and High Schools, in North Carolina, the rise and progress of each, by the *Presidents, and Principals of the Institutions.*

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER: OR, THE GOLDEN KEY, a Union Story pronounced by competent judges of most brilliant interest—to be donated as a New Year's Present to the "Times."

MARIA HINTON: OR, PERSONAL INDEPENDENCE, and THE UNFORTUNATE BELLE, two short, but most interesting Stories, by *Mrs. L. M. Hutchinson.*

LIFE PICTURES; HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS, by *Fanny Fielding*, author of "Footprints of the Pestilence."

THE FAIR ROSETTA: OR, HUMAN PERFECTIBILITY, by *Stella Steele*

FANNY MOWBRY: OR, THE GAMBLER'S WIFE, a prize story by *Finley Johnson.*

THE MAD CAP AND HER COUSINS, a prize story by *Mrs. C. H. Criswell.*

SWEET FERN SPRING; OR THE PRIMA DONNA'S TRIUMPH, by *Mrs. Mary W. Janvrin*, author of "Cornelian Ring," "Wrecker's Daughter," "Deseree, the Quadroon," "Warning Starr," "Ruby Cross," etc.

HUGH LINDSLIE; OR THE RE-UNION. A simple story of life's vicissitudes, by our Corresponding Editor, *Rob. G. Staples.*

LAURA; OR THE SNOW FLAKE, by *Miss Anna M. Bates.*

FORTUNE TELLING, and its consequences, by *Mat Social.*

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH; a story of Odd Fellowship, by *Mrs L. M. Hutchinson.*

MUSIC. In a series of articles, by *Dr. Wm. Hauser.*

THE SOUTHERN STATES AND CITIES;—Their present appearance and Commercial prospect, by our traveling Corresponding Editor, *Wm. R. Hunter.*

To be followed by numerous other contributions of no less merit and interest. It shall be the sole aim of the Proprietors to make the TIMES a useful as well as welcome visitor to the home circle. It shall contain all the Foreign and Domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. The world shall be our text book.

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THE PRESENT NUMBER:—In order that our hands might enjoy the Christmas festivities, we have anticipated the day of publication. Several articles intended for this number have thus been crowded out, not having reached us in time.

We intended to have commenced the Common school history this week, but owing to several important changes being made by the present session of the Legislature, the Superintendent has postponed it. It probably will commence in the next number, and the writer can then give its complete history embracing the acts of the present Legislature.

CLUBS:—We hear from all sections of the country from every direction that new clubs are forming to commence with the new volume of the *Times*. We would be much obliged to all those friends who are getting up these clubs, if they would send on the list as early as possible, as we are now making out our new mail book.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

RANDOM THOUGHTS, OR CITY LIFE.

BY WM. R. HUNTER.

NUMBER I.

Reader, by your permission we will deal somewhat with the realities of life as portrayed in living imageries in the great metropolis.

Those who visit New York and remain here for a few days only, can have no adequate conception of the startling contrast there is between the "upper tendom" and the "lower twentydom"—the dwellers in its marble palaces, and the miserable inmates of its mucky garrets and subterranean "dens" of pollution.

He who promenades the brilliant thoroughfares on a fine day, and having leisure to reconnoiter, beholds the splendid "*Turnouts*" occupied by the pampered children of wealth and luxury,—sees only the gay panorama of gilded show in the shop windows and scans the moving pageant of male and female "civic elegants" and pleasure seekers, all "frogged, bedirened and tasseled" as for a bridal entertainment, would scarce dream of a tithe of the squallid wretchedness, biting poverty, and loathesome polluton to be found within a stone's cast of all this magnificent display which almost bewilders with its brilliancy. And there are thousands too who were born here, and have come up to manhood and perchance many of them on the downhill of life who are as ignorant of the startling contrast as the stranger may be; or if they have some vague ideas of it they are all gathered from some newspaper paragraph, perused while sipping their "Port" in some gilded saloon, and which had well nigh passed from their memory ere they read the last syllable. Such have never taken the trouble to descend from their lofty "eminence" to look in upon the mass of soul-sickening moral and physical putrefaction which must shock any who for the first time attempts a tour of exploration among the rotting rookeries, nauseous cellars, and foul "dens" of this city, filled as they are with stifling odors and a plague-spreading atmosphere, which the lungs of one, accustomed to the pure air of heaven utterly refuses to respire without an almost overpowering sense of suffocation. Yet there are thousands of miserable beings in this metropolis—debauched men—abandoned women and pale ragged dirt-begrimed children who call these wretched abodes *home* and have never known any other! Truly has it been said, "one half the world know not how the other half live," and if any of our readers deem this an overdrawn picture let him, in company with a sturdy policeman (for you might as safely enter a lion's cage without the "tamer" as these polluted precincts without a "star") visit a few only of these abodes of untold misery and crime to be found in many parts of this city; and after a single hour thus spent if he does not admit that the half has not been told, then we will plead guilty to the charge of penning figments of the imagination.

When we beheld these bloated, diseased, rum-rotted specimens of humanity, wallowing in all their beastly pollution, under the very noses of the libellous infidel fanatics here who affect such a degree of philanthropy for the happier southern slave, our heart was moved with feelings of *contempt* which our pen may not describe. We venture the assertion with no misgivings as to successful contradiction that there can be found on a single square in this city more suffering and crime of every hue, more squalid want, aye, actual starvation than would be witnessed during a six months' tour thro' the Southern States. And who are the most degraded of this miserable portion of the populace? Why, the *negro*—yes, the "*free*-negro," of whom the abolition horde are forever boasting, because, forsooth, he has freedom—to make a beast of himself—freedom to wallow in crime and degradation without stint; and to this complexion would they bring the well-fed, well-clothed and far happier peasantry of the South! God forbid that so foul a wrong to the colored race of the South should ever be consummated! Ye can talk to us as ye may, ye abolition disorganizers, about the "sin" of making man a "chattel," and ye may come with all your fine spun arguments against the "evil," as ye term it politically, but be assured ye can never make us believe that the "freedom" ye would give the negro race would better his condition, to say nothing of the foul wrong ye contemplate toward those upon whom your forefathers foisted the "institution" after they found it would not *pay*. Out upon such vile hypocrisy! Elevate your own "*free negro*"—your hewer of wood and drawer of water—your scraper of sewers and cleaner of sesspools—and *then* with some little show of consistency, ye may read homilies on philanthropy to Southern slaveholders. But no, ye can give thousands from your coffers to protect some vile miscreant from his merited punishment in the Penitentiary for *stealing* the property of your white brethren but not a dime to elevate your own *free negro*—steeped as he is to the very lips in all that degrades man below the brute! And let me say to you, the opposition, to be found on the breast of every humane, thinking southron, to the foul wrong you would, if in your power, bring upon the Southern slave, arises from considerations far higher than that of *dollars* and *cents*; the truth of which you may *know* to your cost when too late.

In our next we may allude to some of the scenes which met our eyes, while exploring the depths of misery as we have not time to do so just now.

New York.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

TRYON'S RIDE:

A REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.

BY LUTHER G. RIGGS.

During the year 1777 Sir William Howe received information that the Americans had large depositories of military stores in Danbury, Conn., and neighborhood. These stores he resolved to destroy, and without delay.

Whilst looking about him for a faithful operator in the most invidiuous of all employments, who would be remorseless in the use of the torch, he hit very readily upon his Excellency, Gov. William Tryon, of New York. (Tryon, the reader will remember, was the hero of the gallant exploits at Mrs. Murray's side-board a short time prior.)

Gov. Tryon, with an army of two thousand men, and accompanied by these excellent advisers, Sir William Erskine, and Gen. Agrew, arrived at Redding Ridge, Connecticut, at a very seasonable hour, on the 26th of December, 1777.

Perhaps it would be well to speak of a little incident which transpired while this cavalcade were on their march to this small hamlet of peaceful inhabitants. The story is related by Barber, in his Historical Collections. Tryon and his forces had marched, without any opposition, as far as Hoytis' Hill, when the figure of a simple mounted horseman appeared on the eminence, with his face turned backward, and his jestures and whole action indicating that he was issuing orders to a large army that was climbing the hill. "*Halt!*" shouted the leader of the opposition, in a voice of thunder, while he flourished his sword in the air. "*Halt, the whole universe—wheel into kingdoms!*"

Now, there was nothing that Gov. Tryon had so much dread of as dying. So he prudently commanded *his* men to halt, in imitation of the order given by the leader of the supposed army that was advancing on the opposite side of the hill, and sent out detachments on the right, and left, to reconoitre, and get his two field pieces in readiness to give as feeble battle as he could to this more than Persian army!

But what was his brave guards' relief, when the detachments returned & reported that the wretch who had disturbed his valor, was the only mortal in sight, and that no part of him was visible except his back, as he rode towards Danbury, with the speed of a shooting star!

The forces reached Danbury about two o'clock, and Tryon selected the house of one Dibble, a faithful tory, for his headquarters. Dibble's residence was near by the stores which the Americans had deposited.

It was during Tryon's stay at Danbury, that he formed an attachment to the daughter of one of the prominent Revolutionists, and who, he was vain enough to imagine, was smitten with his handsome (?) features.

One evening, he saddled up his horse, and rode out to the residence of his fair *inamoratia*. Knocking at the door, he was urshered into the presence of the lady, her father, and an officer of the defence army. But, instead of a welcome, he was bidden begone, by the lady, while the father and suitor, each offered to assist him in making a hasty exit, by the free use of their cow-hide stogies.

But this was not the worst of the affair. Some boys, who entertained no friendly feelings towards the "red-coats," had made an exchange of the Governor's horse, and substituted in its place, a bridled and saddled *cow!*

Out came the Governor from the house, and made a rush for his horse, and sprang into the saddle on the cow's back. The next movement was to grasp up the reins, and plunge his spurs into the animal's side. Such treatment came unnatural to the poor beast, who, with a frightful bellow, started off on a mad gallop, down street. The boys followed on, shouting as though they were "possessed of devils." The Governor cursed and swore, but a moment afterwards was thrown over the beast's neck, and landed into a gutter filled with mud and water. He hastily picked himself up, however, and cursing the whole Yankee race in general, and the portion residing in and about Danbury in particular, found his way the best he could to his head-quarters.

The next day he set about demolishing the stores of the Americans,—which he done with a good grace—the occurrence of the previous evening having given him a renewed zeal.

Having witnessed the destruction of two meeting-houses, nineteen dwelling-houses, twenty-two stores, and several barns, with great quantities of hay and grain, and having feasted his eyes with the fear and anguish of the women and children of the place, as also feeling within himself the satisfactory assurance of having rode a mad cow, and extricated himself in truly military style from a deed delete; Major General Tryon, with his band of brigand, took a last farewell look at the scene of his late military and love exploits, resumed his march to the sea shore, and after encountering a detachment of the American Army, sent by Gen. Terestes, to intercept their baggage, which encounter was had near Norwalk, and in which Tryon lost about one-fifth of his men, (which the Americans took prisoners) they again started forth, and eventfully succeeded in reaching their ship, which lay in Sangotusk harbor, and all with one exertion, spedily put under sail for New York.

"District Normal School."

This bill, with all its details, was drawn up by D. A. Davis, Esq., of Salisbury, Chairman of the Board of Superintendent of C. Schools of Rowan county, and a particular friend of the C. School System. It was sent to my address at Raleigh, and introduced by me to the Legislature and referred to the Committee on Education, and of course will have the particular attention of the Committee myself included, and when they shall have duly considered the bill, will report their views in reference to it. I have made this statement, as an act of justice not only to myself, but also to the Author of the Bill, owing to some comments on the bill in the last Greensboro' Patriot.

E. W. OGBURN.

PRIVATE CORNER.

"I see in your list an old Pastor of mine—Rev. Leonidas Rosser—as true a Poet as nature ever made. I declare I've gone up so high upon his flights of fancy, that I almost lost my breath, before I thought me of the advisability of respiring, in order to follow him to the finale! He can make you see lightning *with his finger*, as completely as ever you did, while watching a suspicious-looking thunder-cloud! I *hope* we shall hear from him soon through the *Times*."

The above extract is taken from a letter written by one of Virginia's most talented daughters; and we copy it for the very just tribute paid our correspondent, and to join her in the "*hope* we shall hear from him soon."

The same correspondent says, "I hope, ere long, to send you some subscribers from this city—at least, I am going to make an effort." Thank you. We are confident that with you an effort is but success. If the ladies knew what we had laid up in stow for them this year, we *think* a great many would take up our cause.

DR. W. H., GEO.:—Your proposition meets with favor. You can send on your contributions at your earliest convenience.

GEO. W. COTHRAN, N. Y.:—Your contribution is received; and we shall look with interest for the promised "article of several columns in length." Much obliged for the following expression of appreciation of our efforts. "Wishing you abundant success in your praiseworthy endeavor to establish a good literary paper (and the *Times* is that now) &c.

P. S. "The Inebriate Wife" has just been received. Your "suggestion" is appreciated. We thank you sincerely. It is by such acts we judge of our best friends.

ANNA M. BATES, N. H.:—"With the best of wishes I send you 'Laura' and 'The Faithless Husband.'" We have not received "The Faithless Husband." Did you mail *both* papers? If it is lost, we are truly sorry, for there are few pens in America more highly appreciated than yours, and none can make sweeter Poetry.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL:—Our correspondent will give in these sketches, his notes of observation while on a recent tour through the North-Western States and Territories. The present appearance and the progressive prospects of this portion of the Union, together with the many historical events connected with the Revolution, and its after history, will afford a most interesting topic to the reader.

L. C. W.:—"I have been a regular reader of the *Times* for a long time, and find I can't do well without it; so please continue to send it to my address." Most assuredly we will, and then have enough left to supply the large club you are to send us.

CITY LIFE:—The series of Random Thoughts commenced this week by our Cor. Editor, Wm. R. Hunter, will continue through six numbers. The writer gives his "Random Thoughts," suggested by visiting the scenes of vice, poverty, and want in the city of New York. The concluding numbers are devoted to the cause of those societies, instituted for the amelioration of this class.

J. STARR HOLLOWAY:—Your poem is received, but not in time for our first form. We think the following suggestions about the "Gossip" will add much interest. "I intend to make the literary papers more miscellaneous and comprehensive for your new volume. For instance, in the next number I shall include some information that I have been at some pains to gather, of the graves of Poets, and the ages of living Authors."

WILLIE:—"The Student's Future" just received, and is on the table for future decision.

EXTRA COPIES:—We have printed off several hundred extra copies of the *Times* for this week, and take the liberty of sending them to such persons as we hope will feel interested in establishing such a paper in the South. Will they not lend us their name and influence?

POST MASTERS:—We respectfully solicit the co-operation of all Post Masters. A copy of the TIMES will be sent one year gratis to such as will furnish us with their address and consent to act as agents. Be pleased to let us hear from you soon.

THE PRESS:—We send a specimen of the *Times* to numerous of our brethren of the Press, and would be pleased to receive a notice at their hands in accordance with the merits of our cause. We will be pleased of an opportunity to reciprocate any such kindness and will gladly exchange with all indicating such a desire by sending us a marked copy of their paper.

NOT TOO FAST BRO:—The banter we made the Spirit of the Age, to send dollar for dollar for new Subscribers, is accepted by the Editor in these words—"We promise to *try* and get you a subscriber for every two you send us, which will be dollar for dollar as yours is a $2 paper, and ours only $1." Not too fast, bro., we intend sending you down something over one hundred, and by reference to our club rates, you will see it only requires fifty copies to reduce our terms to $1. Double your efforts, bro., no backing out.

LITERARY:—Jas. Banks, Esq., of Fayetteville gave a Lecture in Raleigh on Saturday evening last (it being the second of the Oak City Guard's series) on the Romance of Scottish History."

THE MILLIONAIRES OF NEW YORK.—A correspondent of the Charleston Courier makes the following mention of the millionaires of New York:

"Wm. B. Astor is our richest man; he inherited his wealth. Stephen Whitney, five millions, owes his fortune to speculation in cotton and the rise in real estate. W. H. Aspinwall, four millions, came of a rich family, and gained vast increase of wealth in the shipping business. James Lennox, three millions, which he inherited. The late Peter Harmony, two millions, came to this city as a cabin boy, and grew rich by commerce. The Lorillards, two millions, came from France poor, and made their huge fortunes in the tobacco and snuff business. The late Anson G. Phelps, two millions, learned the trade of a tanner, and made a fortune in iron and copper. Alexander T. Stewart, two millions, now of the dry goods palace, began business in a little fancy store. Of those who are put down for a million and a half, George Law began life as a farm laborer; Cornelius Vanderbilt, as a boatman; John Lafarge, as steward to Joseph Bonaparte. Of the millionaires, James Chesterman began life as a journeyman tailor, and Peter Cooper as a glue-maker. George Bancroft, Henry James, Professor Anthon, Thomas McElrath, and Dr. Francis, are each stated to possess a hundred thousand dollars. Edwin Forrest is rated at a quarter of a million; so is Sidney E. Mose, of the New York *Observer*. Wm. Niblo, it appears, has two hundred thousand. Bennet has one hundred and fifty thousand. But perhaps the most remarkable of all is, that Mr. Oakill has made a quarter of a million of dollars by keeping school!

WASHINGTON, DEC. 20—The President has issed orders for the arrest of Cornelius R. Garrison, Chas. Morgan and Gen. Walker to answer for seizing the property of the Accessory Transit Company valued at a million of dollars.

Orders have been received by the Government Officers here to stop all shipments of arms and provisions destined for Gen. Walker.

EXTENSIVE SHIPMENTS.—The Petersburg Express states that on Saturday, the American ship Marengo, Alexander, master had cleared City Point for Liverpool, with a cargo of wheat, flour and cotton, from Messers. Branch, and Sons, valued at $61,000. Such Shipments from one establishment are seldom heard of in this State.

NOTABLE DEATH.—Mrs. Sarah B. Scott the second and last surviving daughter of the great orator Patrick Henry, departed this life at her residence "Seven Islands," Halifax county, Va., on Wednesday 10th inst., in the 77th year of her age.

Mobile Cotton Market.—MOBILE, Dec, 20.—The sales of cotton during the week foot up 33,080 bales. The receipts amount to 38,000, showing an increase of 30,000 bales. Middling 11⅛.

NEW YORK, Dec. 22.—The steamer Knoxville of the Savannah line is now on fire at her dock in this city, and it is feared she will be burned to the water's edge. She had considerable cargo on board, and was to sail on Wednesday.

NEW YORK, December, 20.—The store of Messrs. Hemitt & Co., No 49 Stone street, extensive flour dealers, was destroyed by fire last night. Loss $30,000.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Literary Gossip—Fifth Number.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

A pang of sorrow has spread through our country at the receipt of the melancholly intelligence that Dr. Kane's health has declined rather than improved since his arrival in England. Grave apprehensions were felt by his Physicians, and with the hope that a milder climate would restore him, they had recommended a winter residence in the West Indies. He was therefore to have left in the Liverpool Steamer, for St. Thomas, toward the close of November

Dr. Kane has earned a name among the literary men of our country no less distinguished than his proud titles of discoverer and explorer—aye and martyr! For it was with the self-sacrificing spirit and devotion of such that he went upon his perilous mission, one of the noblest ever attempted by a chivalrous nature. And his narrative, written with that severe simplicity and modesty which could be looked for only in just such a man, is one of the proudest triumphs on the rising column of our National Literature.

Under Green Leaves, is the quaint and appropriate title of a volume of poems, by Charles Mackay, now in press. Mackay has won his way into the front ranks of that peculiar and pleasant class of poets, who make rural delights and social scenes the burden of their muse. His poetic expression is remarkably easy and graceful.

Little Dorritt, Charles Dickens' last and in many respects best book, has just been issued by T. B. Peterson of this city, as one of the volumes of each of his beautiful series of the complete works of Boz, of which it is well known he is publishing no less than twenty. Of the merits of Little Dorritt we have not space now to speak; we would say, however, to such of our readers as wish to enjoy a rich intellectual feast, dressed in pleasantest typography, a luxury of itself to read, and adorned with numerous beautiful illustrations, to secure a volume of some one of the series—at once.

A new volume by Alfred Tennyson is announced in England;—two poems of some length, and in blank verse. The argument of one is the Enchantment of Merlin, and of the other the Story of Eric. We look with some misgivings for this volume; blank verse is too heavy for the laureate; but with the rich material in the two legends before him, and with the poet that he is, we shall still confess surprise if he do not weave for us an enchanted woof. Launcelot of the Lake, and the beautiful myth in which he moves, is a poem of itself.

The early appearance of Godey's famed Lady's Book, for the first month in the new year, with its old familiar face, reminds us of a little debt we, in common with all the readers of this pleasant magazine, are under obligations to pay—and that debt is, to speak well of it to our neighbors. Godey is past the need of a good word, but then, when it can't be withheld why its best to give it. So many years have we been accustomed to the pleasant diversion of this choice miscellany that really we could not now do without it. Mr. Godey has made for himself a popularity in American home that thousands would be glad to win; the hours he has beguiled, the smiles he has brought to the lips of beauty it were a Hercules task to enumerate. And the beauty of it is that the same youth and spirit which warmed his magazine into being, thirty years ago, still course through its pages. It never grows old; there is not a spark of fogyism (if that is not a misnomer) in it. A literary gentleman in looking over the beautiful January number, made just such a remark to us; and he is one of Godey's rivals in magazinedom, too. To those who have gone with Godey thus far, we say, Don't leave him! To those who have not yet, we say. Begin at once!

The first volume of Professor Agassiz' great work, Contributions to the Natural History of the United States, is announced. It is to be comprised in ten volumes, quarto, and will be another great national work.

Philadelphia, Dec. 15th.

THE HEAVENLY BODIES.—The heavens contain at no other time splendors equal to those which now every evening illuminate the sky, particularly its eastern portion. More fixed stars of the first magnitude are congregated along a bright belt from Capella in the North to Sirius, the most magnificent of all in the South, than any other equal space can boast. First in the splendid procession advance the Pleiades, then follow close the Hyades. Immediately, Orion bursts upon the sight, flonked by Capella in the Wagoner and the Twins on the left, and the lighting floshing Sirius low down in the southern horizon, with Procyon between. Besides these, lights of less note supply the intervals along the brilliant fields, and enhance the sublimity of these burning orbs, while Jupiter is glowing with his severely white beams in the western sky, and Fomulhaut shining dully down south. By this time Venus, with her yellow ray, has retired to repose, and left her old paramour, red-handed Mars, to spend the rest of the night in company with other celestial beauties.

But all the glories of the heavens are not monopolized by the constellations to the east, Atair, Vega, the Swan and the Great Bear still keep their lamps blazing in the west, though all, excepting the last, with fading lustre. The Great Bear, perhaps the most remarkable of the constellations, rises but never sets, shining uninterruptedly every night in the year as he is pursued forever round the pole by the dogs of Bootes—*Newark Adv., Dec. 2.*

MARRIED,

At Fair Grove, Davidson County, on Monday 23, December, by Rev. B. Craven, Prof. I. L. WRIGHT, of Normal College, to Miss CYNTHIA KENDAL, of Davidson.

DIED,

In this county on Thursday morning, 18th inst., Mary E. A. eldest daughter of Benj. E. and Susannah Woollen, aged 21 years 29 days.

Gentle sister thou hast left us,
Borne on angels' wings above;
Death's cold stroke hath now bereft us
Of the object of our love.

Yet sweet sister we'd not call thee,
From those fairer climes on high:
Back where sorrows would befall thee
And thy bosom heave a sigh.

But in heaven we'll strive to meet thee,
Around God's high and holy place:
Where with joy we hope to greet thee
And see each other "face to face."

COM.

NOTICE.

APPLICATION will be made to the Legislature of North Carolina, now in session, to extend the Charter of the Carolina Female College in Anson county, N. C.

Dec. 15, 1856 (52::3t)

ROWLAND & BROTHERS,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA,

ARE prepared to receive and dispose of, advantageously, any quantity of flour from Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighboring counties. Many years experience with every facility and ability enables us to guarantee satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We have sold for, and refer to among many others:

Hon. THOS. RUFFIN,	Alamance,
JOHN NEWLIN,	do
P. A. HOLT,	do
W. R. ALBRIGHT,	do
J. H. HAUGHTON,	Chatham,
A. H. LINDLEY,	do
P. C. CAMERON,	Orange,
JOHN F. LYON,	do
W. J. BINGHAM,	do
JOHN LONG,	Randolph,
E. G. READE,	Person,
G. & H. WILLIAMS,	do

Feb. 6. 6::1yr.

ANCIENT York Masons.

A regular meeting of Greensboro' Lodge, No. 76, will be held in their Hall, on the evening of St. John, the Evangelist's day, the 27th inst., at 7 o'clock.

Business of importance to be transacted.

JOHN F. HOWLETT,
W. Master.

Dec. 17, 1856. (51::2w)

DISSOLUTION.—The Firm of Harrell & Moring has been dissolved by mutual consent. The business of the Firm will be settled by G. W. Harrell.

Sept., 1856. HARRELL & MORING.

Tailoring—Fall and Winter Fashions.

Geo. W. Harrell takes this method of informing the public that he has received his supply of Paris, New York and Philadelphia Fashions for the Fall and Winter of 1856.

From my long experience, and the many advantages I have had, having been a pupil of Mr. J. W. Albright, of Philadelphia, celebrated for his skill in the art, I flatter myself that I cannot be excelled in *GARMENT CUTTING* in this country.

I hereby return my grateful acknowlegments for the very liberal patronage I have received since I have been in business here, and hope to merit and receive a liberal share of public favor,

My Shop is up stairs, over the Store of Mr. Wm. S. Gilmer, and immediately opposite the Bland House. G. W. HARRELL.

Oct., 1856. 40::tf

GREENSBORO'
HIGH SCHOOL.

THE next Session of this School will commence on the 2nd Monday in January, 1857, and continue five months.

As the number of pupils is limited to 35, those wishing to enter their sons will do well to apply soon.

TERMS—Tuition $20 per Session, in advance; incidental expenses $1.

For further particulars apply to

J. D. CAMPBELL,
Principal.

(50::4t)

Old Bonnets Made New!

MRS. LUCRETIA SALLEE, having settled in Greensboro', where she expects to carry on Bleaching, Cutting, and Shaping Bonnets, flatters herself from her long experience in the business, that she can give satisfaction to all who may give her a call. She can make the most ill-shaped Bonnet look as bright as if new.

All work sent from a distance shall be promptly attended to. One trial is all that is asked to give satisfaction.

Call in the corner house in the rear of Messrs. J. & F. GARRETT'S STORE. (44:tf)

G. H. KELLEY & BROTHER,
DEALERS IN
FAMILY GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,
No. 11 North Water St., Wilmington, N. C.

WILL keep constantly on hand, Sugars, Coffee, Molasses, Cheese, Flour, Butter, Lard, Soaps, Crackers, Starch, Oils, Snuffs, &c., &c.

REFERENCES.—O. G. Parsley, President of Commercial Bank, John McRae, President of Bank of Wilmington, of Wilmington; A. M. Gorman, Rev. R. T. Heflin, of Raleig; J. A. F. Garrett, David McKnight, of Greensborough. 8::ly.

CARRIAGE FOR SALE.

A GOOD second-hand Carriage for sale very cheap. Apply soon to

July 11, 1856. R. G. LINDSAY.

100 KEGS PURE WHITE LEAD and ZINC just received and for sale low for cash by

RANKIN & McLEAN, *Agents.*
Bellevue White Lead Company, N. Y.
June 18, 1856.

Molasses, new Crop, just received and for sale by

Jan. 30. RANKIN & McLEAN.

JUST received a lot NAILS for 6½ per lb.

Oct. 30, 1856 RANKIN & McLEAN.

JUST RECEIVED, per N. C. R. R., a large lot of Nails, Iron, Maleable Castings, Springs, Axles, Carriage Trimmings, &c. English, German and Briar Scythes and Snaths; Lock, Breast and Drawing Chains; Mill Saw Files, Rasps and Chisels, &c. Cheap by

RANKIN & McLEAN,
N. E. corner Market & Davy Streets.

JUST RECEIVED A LOT OF BEEBE'S fine No. 1 MOLE-SKIN HATS, also a lot of BLACK, BROWN, TAN and all colors of soft FUR HATS which will be sold at low figures.

GILMER & HENDRIX.

Oct. 22nd 1856. [43: tf:

A. PERRY SPERRY,
(Formerly of Greensborough, N. C.)
WITH
BELL, BROOKS, PACE & CO.,
IMPORTERS & DEALERS IN
STAPLE AND FANCY
DRY GOODS,
No. 89 Chambers, and 71 Reads Street,
1856.] NEW YORK. [2-1y

SACK SALT—200 Sacks in fine order, low for cash at

GEO. H. KELLEY & BRO.

Wilmington, Nov. 8.

T. C. & B. G. WORTH,
COMMISSION & FORWARDING
MERCHANTS.

Wilmington, N. C. 1::1y.

ADAMANTINE CANDLES.—30 boxes Adamantine Candles. 20 half boxes do, low for cash at

GEO. H. KELLEY & BRO.

Wilmington, Nov. 8.

2 Tierce Rice,
3 HHDS. MOLASSES,
15 BAGS RIO, LAGURA & JAVA,
12 BRLS. SUGARS ASSORTED,
15 BOXES ADAMANTINE & TALLOW CANDLES,
8 BRLS. No. 1. Cut N. C. HERRINGS

just received and for sale by

June 18, 1856 RANKIN & McLEAN.

A New Book.

The Old North State in 1776; Second Series, by E. W. Caruthers, D.D., just published, and for sale by

Aug., 1856 E. W. OGBURN.

J. N. WOOD,
AUCTION, COMMISSION & FORWARDING
MERCHANT,
Goldsborough, N. C.,

WILL attend to the sale of Flour and other Produce. 14tf

ORIGINAL POETRY.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

TO ONE I LOVE.

I'm lonely in my chamber now;
No eye is near to look in mine;
No voice to breathe love's holy vow,
No snowy arm to rest in mine.

The twining tendrils of thy heart
Are still enclasped within my own;
And tho' forever we may part,
Thy image ne'er will leave me 'lone.

When in a distant land I stray,
New scenes beguile and friends caress,
I'll not forget, tho' far away,
That ever by thy love I'm blest.

Will you forget the love-breathed vow,
Dear idol of my fondest care,
When on the bended knee you bow
In bright'ning faith and holy prayer?

Oh! remember when we parted,
How wildly beat this heart of mine,—
One warm farewell, the broken-hearted,
Was hurried to a distant clime.

I feel that those who love have spoke,
And bid us sever every tie,
Yet, every storm of fate I'll brook,
And linger round thee 'til I die.

And fondly to this heart of mine,
I'll long, forever, seek to press
That warming, loving heart of thine,
And consummate our happiness.

Nov. 9, 1856. MUL.

The Youth.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

HESSIE ABBOT:

A TALE FOR THE YOUNG.

BY "LELIA LAUREL."

CHAPTER I.

There's sunshine in my heart, Hessie,
Whene'er I think of thee;
And waves of halcyon pleasure start
With gorgeous panoply,
And robe me in their flow, Hessie,
As dew enrobes the flower
Ere yet the orient sunbeams glow
Steals in the vernal hour.

W. E. Pabor.

"If ye would have an abundant harvest of goodness, plant such seed as will produce it."

Hessie Abbot's parents were not wealthy but they were comfortable and supplied the needy wants of many of their poorer neighbors. Her father was a kind, compassionate, charitable man, but he had never felt the pardoning grace that Jesus extends to those who seek his pardon. He was by no means harsh or rebellious, but he sometimes took the name of the Lord in vain, which greatly pained Hessie's mother, who was a pious mother, and yet with all her pleading for a different course, it seemed to have little effect upon his daily conduct; he usually received her persuasions with a smile or in silence. But that kind and forbearing wife and mother never failed to carry his situation, in a religious view, to the throne of God each day, and ask that the arrow of conviction might pierce the heart of her companion, and bring him to a sense of his dangerous condition. Years had she plead and wept in the wearisome "path of well-doing," and though her labors seemingly were fruitless, yet she was not faint-hearted. Hessie was the idol of her parents' hearts, and they regarded her as a blessing from heaven, so much did she contribute to the happiness of her parents and little brother Albert, who had always wished for a little sister, that he might ride her in his little sleigh and she hold the lines, as one would in guiding a pony in reality. Therefore his little heart was full of happiness when he was told that the next session of school Hessie would be admitted as a scholar and he should have the pleasant care of superintending as a guardian of Hessie.

CHAPTER II.

Hessie was four years old in November and the school was to commence in December; but as they lived in a large town, where the streets were thickly enclosed with buildings, that kept much of the snow out of the streets, and as it was but a short distance to the school from Hessie's home it was not thought imprudent, that she should attend even if it was in the winter time.

The long looked for day at last arrived and it dawned clear and unclouded, while the sun rose and sent such a cheering aspect over all nature that the little hero's thought they had never seen so beautiful a morning before, their little hearts were full of sunshine and it gleamed forth from their little sparkling eyes and moved their tongues in pleasantness. That was unalloyed happiness, no spot dimmed the brightness of their childish innocence.—Oh who would not be again a child and revel in the innocence of a little prattler, and oh how many hearts beat quiet and the eye moistens, at the thought that a little seat by the parents is vacated, that once a little tiny hand nestled in theirs, and a little tongue lisped its wants many, very many.

At first, Hessie was a little shy, and hid her face with her hands, occasionally peeping through her hands, and then moving nearer Albert, but her timidity gradually wore off and when the teacher asked her name, she answered quite loud 'Tessy Abbott,' she put her arms about the slender form and from then Hessie felt they were friends, and at recess, when the teacher give them leave to go out and play, she took Susy Lincoln and walked out with the rest of the girls.—Hessie soon lost all of her timidity and played as briskly and merrily as the rest of the little ones for there were none that went to that school older than ten, she felt that they all loved her and this gave her confidence and made her happy, for none can smile sweetly unless they are happy and wish to make others so.

After recess, she concluded to change her seat and sit with Susy Lincoln, one who had become a favorite in a few hours, from that time they were inseperable friends in the school-room. Day after day passed away, each day unfolded some new beauty in the mind of Hessie something worthy of immitation and cultivation, until the twelvth week, which was the last week of the session. Mrs. Abbott had sedulously avoided mentioning this as she knew it would grieve Hessie sadly and she wished not to dim the present happiness by expectancy of what was to Hessie a heart-felt sorrow. She often said she loved Miss Janvrin better than any body else beside father, mother and Berta and her tongue not only said it, but her daily life proved it for no dainty however small when given her, part must be reserved for her 'teacher.'

When Miss Janvrin distributed th little books amongst her little pupils, thereby expressing her love and thanks for their good demeanor, Hessie innocently enquired,

"Have we been better this week than other weeks?"

"Why Hessie?"

"Because, you gave us books instead of merits."

"Did you not know it was the last day of school till next March Hessie."

With tearful eyes she answered no—then as if a fearful truth had flashed upon her little mind she wept as if an idolized treasure had been snatched away.

The teacher comforted her as best she could, by telling her that she should come and spend, one day every week till March when they would again be associated as scholar and teacher.

"And will you love me all the time too."

"Yes; my little teacher, yea more my guide, for indeed you are both, teaching me that confidence and all saving power that a teacher from his throne extends, to me a guide to point to a haven of rest where the ransomed of the Redeemer eternally dwell. I do believe this sinless being was given me to show me my own sinfulness and remind me of a glorious hereafter, where as the children of one Father we are to dwell forever."

There were tears and sighs of little bosoms and little lips quivering with suppressed grief, for all loved each other and it was a sad hour to part even with the view of again meeting, but their little hearts had become knit by a tie more tender than passing friendship, and many tears were shed at the seperation from teacher.

[To be Continued.]

Our Box.

Enigmas, Charades, Riddles and Problems are intended to excite an enquiring disposition in the young; to entwine a wreathe of roses around the thinking brow; and to impart useful knowledge in such a manner as it may not be easily forgotten. Their solutions will give a pleasant recreation, while it will develope and strengh-en the faculties of the mind.

The Problems will embrace the entire mathematical course, and will be useful to teachers for examining their classes. As the questions will be such as they are not familiar with, their solution will depend upon their knowledge of the *principles*. We would recommend them to all teachers as test questions, especially on reviews.

We invite solutions to the Problems below, and hope by another issue to have our "Box" full of Enigmas, Charades, Riddles, &c.

Solutions must always accompany the Problems, Enigmas, &c.—*Eds. Times.*

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

I AM COMPOSED OF 14 LETTERS.

My 2, 14, 7, 13, 6, is a county in N. C.

My 5, 1, 6, 2, 13, 14, is what all wish to avoid.

My 11, 2, 4, 3, 5, 10, 7, 6, is what we like when writing.

My 9, 6, 4, 8, is what we often see in winter.

My 12, 3, 6, 5, 7, 14, is what you must do before you discover what I am.

My whole is what all should encourage.

IGNATUS.

QUES. 1st.—In a cubical pile of blocks 3 feet high, there are 9 cubical blocks in a single row. How many blocks in the pile and what is the size of each?

QUES. 2nd.—In what time will a Note for $1500, bearing interest at 6 per cent. per annum amount to $1788.75?

☞ Answers in our next.

CONUNDRUMS.—Where should Quakers go to reside? Ans.—To the Friendly Isles.

What land would be a delightful place for babes? Ans.—Lap-Land.

What place would suit boot blacks? Ans.—Japan.

Why is a man who sets out to stop the circulation of slander like one travelling to a city in the north of Africa? Ans.—Because he is going to trip a lie. (Tripoli.)

What is the most famous day mentioned in African history? Ans.—The Dey of Algiers.

THE END OF A DRUNKEN CLUB.—A celebrated drinking club, in a large town in the west of Scotland, which had formerly great influences at the local elections is broken up. Two of its members were sent to a lunatic asylum; one jumped from a window and killed himself; one walked or fell into the water at night and was drowned; one was found dead in a public house; one died of delirium tremens; upwards of ten became bankrupt; four died ere they had lived half their days. One, who was a bullie when connected with the club, is at present keeping a low public house. Such are a few facts, well known to those living in the locality.—*Liverpool Albion.*

FARM, HOUSE, AND FUN.

THE FLORIDA POTATO.—The *Southern Cultivator* publishes an extract from a letter of Dr. William F. Robertson, of Tallahassee, Florida, giving an account of a native root growing wild in that State, which he thinks bids fair to throw the famous Chinese Yam into the shade. He says:

It grows in the sandy soil of our pine woods, near the gulf coast; is perennial, with a climbing vine, and flower somewhat resembling that of the convelvulus or morning glory: It appears to be very prolific, the root or potato attaining a growth, in the first year, of four or five inches in diameter, and ten to twelve inches in length. A specimen before me has been planted about three years, and the root is more than thirteen inches in diameter, with numerous offshoots or radicles, and would probably weigh from thirty to forty pounds. The taste is quite palatable, resembling that of the Irish potato more than anything else. Swine are quite fond of it. It has never been cultivated as an article of food, but, from its pleasant taste and prolific qualities, I should infer that it would prove a desirable addition to the list of our root crops. In their native or wild state, both the Irish and sweet potatoe were comparatively worthless and unproductive; but cultivation, like the wand of the enchanter, has transformed them in a wonderful manner, and we behold them in universal use, acceptable alike at the table of the rich and of the poor.

VERY TRUE.—A poor Irishman who applied for a retail license to sell ardent spirits, being questioned by the Board of Excess as to his moral fitness for the trust, replied, "Ah, sure, it is not much character a man needs to sell rum."

LEAF MANURE.—As the time of year is fast approaching when "the flying gold of the woodlands drives through the air," I have been thinking that a few words on the above subject would be appropriate If any of your readers have a large amount of leaves which they wish to convert into good manure, they can do so by the following process; Slake fresh lime with brine till it falls to a powder; turn your leaves with a fork, and sprinkle this powder evenly among them, at the rate of four bushels to a cord of leaves; turn your heap now and then, and you will soon have a noble manure. Nothing is better applied to fruit trees.

"Well, Sambo, is your master a good farmer?"

"Ees, sah, he berry good farmer; he make two crops in one year!"

"How is that, Sambo?"

"Why, he sell his hay in the fall, and makes money once; den in the spring he sell all the hides of the cattle that die for want of hay, and dus make money twice."

OIL OF MUSTARD IN RHEUMATISM.—Where one third of the male population complain to some extent of rheumatic pains in the fickle climate of the U. S., but more especially along the seashore, physicians have it in their power to mitigate an immense amount of severe suffering by prescribing the volatile oil of mustard. It is employed as a rubefacient, being first diluted in its own weight of alcohol at forty degrees. Some patients may object to its pungent odor; but that is temporary, while the remedy may in some cases prove a permanent cure. Make the application at least twice a day, and protect the part with soft flannel. Mustard mills are in operation in the cities generally, at which the oil may be procured, it being an article not much in demand in the arts. Were it not for detecting it by a pungent oder, this oil would have become a secret remedy for rheumatic pains years ago. A nostrum loses miraculous efficiency and curative properties on becoming known.—*Medical World.*

FALLING LEAVES.—The following horizontal musing of a leaning tippler deserve to be perpetuated. Hear him wail;

"Leaves have ther time to fall,
And so likewise have I;
The reason tho's the same—it
Comes of getting dry.

But here's the differ'nce'twixt leaves and me:
I fall 'more harder' and more frequentlee.'

It is the peculiar privilege of the fair, that speaking or silent, they never offend Who can be weay of hearing the softest harmoney? Or who, without pleasure, can behold beauty, when his attention is not diverted form her charms by listening to her words?

A friend of ours is about to get an almanac in which all stormy and cold weather is to be kept out.

Punch says a woman may laugh too much. It is only a comb that can always afford to show its teeth.

The author always the most appreciated, is he who is the author of his fortune.

What relation is the door mat to the scraper? A step father—(farther.)

Fall and Winter Goods.

R. G. Lindsay,

North-East corner of Elm and Market Streets,

WOULD invite the attention of his customers and the community generally to his well selected and carefully purchased stock of FALL & WINTER GOODS, consisting of almost every variety of articles suitable for the season.

Cloths, Cassimers, Tweeds and Jeans, N. C. Kerseys, twilled and plain Northern Linsey, &c. Ladies' Dress Goods—in variety—Merinoes, Figured and Plain De Laines, all Wool Plaids, &c. &c., Cloaks, Shawls and Scarfs, Ginghams and Prints, Fine Bed Blankets, Negro ditto.

A full supply of Hardware, Cutlery, Nails, Andirons, Spades, Shovels and Forks.

Coffee, Sugars, Teas, green and black, Carpetings, Rugs and Door Mats, Hats, Caps and Umbrellas, &c., &c., &c.

Rock Island Jeans and Cassimers, Kerseys—Belting Cloths, Burr Mill Stones, Grindstones.

Oct. 10, 1856.

GREAT IMPROVEMENTS. Ambrotypes.

THE Subscriber would respectfully inform the ladies and gentlemen of Greensboro' and vicinity, that he is now prepared to take AMBROTYPE LIKENESSES in all the beauty of art; they surpass the DAGUERREOTYPE in beauty of delineation, giving the most delicate contrast between light and shade, making a positive picture that can be seen in any light, and are not affected by atmosphere or water, and will last for all time.

ALSO,

DAGUERREOTYPES, in all the various branches of the art with the newest improvements—Instructions given in Ambrotyping and Daguerreotyping on reasonable terms. APPARATUS and STOCK furnished if desired.

12::1y A. STARRETT.

J. D. CUMMING. C. W. STYRON.

CUMMING & STYRON,

Commission and Forwarding MERCHANTS,

WILMINGTON, N. C.

FURS WANTED.

100,000 SKINS wanted, consisting of Fox, Coon, Opossum, Wild Cat, Tame Cat, Muskrat, Mink, Rabbit, &c., &c., for which we will pay the highest market price in *GOODS*.

N. E. Corner Market & Davie streets.

RANKIN & McLEAN.

October 30, 1856 (44::tf)

TEXT Books, used in Colleges and Common Schools, kept constantly on hand by E. W. OGBURN.

HELP Young America!!

ADAMS & STEINER would most respectfully inform the public, that they have opened a new Harness Establishment, in the town of Greensboro', on East Market street, a few doors below the Court House, in the building formerly occupied by C. A. Gillespie, where they would be pleased to have their friends call and examine their work, and hear their prices before purchasing elsewhere. Those who want, either single or double **harness**, of any quality, from the *plainest* to the *finest extra finish*, will lose nothing by giving them a call, as they are determined to sell their work, all of which is manufactured with their own hands, of the best materials, and in the most durable and tasty manner, on such terms as cannot fail to give general satisfaction. As they are just commencing their career in life, they hope their friends will manifest an interest in their success, in proportion to their own assiduity, industry and zeal, to merit their partiality, and a liberal support from those who stand in need of the articles they are engaged in manufacturing.

Greensboro', Feb. 1856. 7::1y.

H. G. FREEMAN,

WITH

ABBOTT, JOHNS & CO.,

IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF

STAPLE AND FANCY SILK GOODS,

No. 153 Market Street, Philadelphia.

1856. 2-1y

FARMERS HALL, Raleigh, N. C.

HARVEST.

July, 1856.

Grain and Grass Reapers.
Sinclair's, Montgomery, Rockaway Wheat Fans.
Heavy and light Horse Powers & Thrashers.
Revolving Horse Rakes.
Sinclair's and Grant's Grain Cradles.
Grain and Grass Blades, all sizes and best qualities.
Scythe Stones and Rakes, &c., &c.

Also,

Sinclair's French Burr Stone Grist Mill.
Ditto Iron Mill, & Corn & Cob Crushers combined warranted to grind table meal.
Scott's Little Giant, all sizes,
Sinclair's Little Champion, & Corn & Cob
Leavelt's improved Young Crushers.
America.
McGregory's Agricultural Boilers, all sizes.
Sinclair's Horse and Hand Iron Propeller Straw Cutters.
Corn Shellers, &c., &c., all of which may be had at Manufacturer's prices, with freight only added. JAMES M. TOWLES,
(27::tf) *Raleigh, N. C.*

FISK'S PATENT METALLIC OCTAGON BURIAL CASES

Can always be found at the

CABINET WAREHOUSE OF

PETER THURSTON,

West Market, Greensboro.

THESE CASES are extensively used, and possess valuable advantages over all other Coffins, for transportation, depositing in vaults, or for ordinary interments. They are made of the most imperishable materials, also enamelled inside and out to prevent rust or corrosion; and when properly cemented, we have the gratifying reflection that the bodies of our deceased loved ones enclosed in them are free from irruption of water or depredations of vermin, and may, without offensive odor, be kept, obviating the necessity of hasty burials, or if desired, transported to a distant land.—The remains of the late Hon. Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, and many other distinguished persons, are entombed in receptacles of this kind. The Octagon Case is a new style of Metallic Cases of beautiful form, finished in perfect resemblance of highly polished Rosewood, and free from objections expressed by some concerning the shape and appearance of the former styles. 37-tf

SELLING OFF

AT COST!

FALL & WINTER CLOTHING.

HAVING determined to sell out my heavy stock of Clothing, I will dispose of such as Over-Coats, and other heavy Articles, AT COST, and the remaining Goods at prices much below the market rates. Those in need of Ready-Made Clothing will find it to their interest by calling on me soon, as I intend to sell at reduced prices for CASH.

S. ARCHER.

East Market St., opposite the Farmers' Bank. Greensboro, Dec. 16, 1856.

All Kinds of Blanks for Sale.

A GRAND MARYLAND LOTTERY FOR December, 1856, on the Havana Plan, Capital Prize $40,000! Grand Consolidated Lottery of Maryland. *EXTRA CLASS T*, to be drawn in Baltimore, Md., Saturday, Dec. 20, 1856. R. FRANCE & Co., Managers.

Prizes amounting to $132,600! *Will be distributed according to the following Splendid Scheme:* 30,000 Numbers!—1,110 Prizes! *Prizes payable in full without deduction.*

SCHEME.

1 Prize of		$40,000
1 "		14,940
1 "		10,000
1 "		5,000
1 "		3,000
2 prizes of		2,000
3 "		1,500
3 "		1,000
187 "		200
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.		
4 of $150 approx. to		$40,000
4 of....100 "		14,940
4 of.... 90 "		10,000
4 of.... 80 "		5,000
4 of.... 80 "		3,000
8 of.... 60 "		2,000
12 of..... 40 "		1,500
12 of..... 30 "		1,000
748 of..... 40 "		200
1,000 prizes,		$132,600

Whole Tickets $20; Halves 10; Quarters 5.00.

GRAND CONSOLIDATED LOTTERY OF MARYLAND. Class T, to be drawn in Baltimore, Md., Saturday, Dec. 27th, 1856.

Scheme.

1 prize of		$65,000
1 "		35,000
1 "		16,820
4 "		10,000
20 prizes of		5,000
10 "		2,000
10 "		1,750
173 "		700
66 "		300
66 "		200
66 "		100
4,158 "		40
25,740 "		20
30,416 prizes amounting to		$1,141,140

Wholes $20; Halves $10; Quarters $5; Eighths $2.50.

All orders for tickets or packages in any of the Maryland Lotteries, will receive prompt attention, and the drawing mailed to all purchasers immediately after it is over.

Address T. H. HUBBARD & CO.
No. 39 Fayette st., or Box, No. 40,
(41::ly) Baltimore, Maryland.

SOUTHERN LOTTERY! on the Havana Plan!! Prizes Guarantied! $102,000!! Only 15,000 numbers!!! Prizes payable *without deduction.* JASPER COUNTY ACADEMY LOTTERY. BY AUTHORITY OF THE STATE OF GEORGIA. *CLASS U.* To be drawn JANUARY 15th, 1857, at Concert Hall, Macon, Ga., under the sworn superintendence of Col. Geo. M. Logan, and W. C. Anderson, Esq.

☞ *Remember this Lottery has only Fifteen Thousand Numbers—less than any Lottery in the World! therefore it is the best for investment. Examine the Scheme!*

SCHEME.

1 Prize of		$15,000
1 "		5,000
1 "		2,000
4 Prizes of $1,000 are		4,000
5 "	500 are	2,500
80 "	100 are	8,000
1,500 "	40 are	60,000
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.		
20 Approx. of $100 are		$2,500
50 "	50 are	2,500
50 "	20 are	1,000
1,712 Prizes amounting to		$102,000

Certificates of Packages of ten tickets, where the numbers end in 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0, are sold at the following rates:

10 Whole Tickets, 60 dollars
10 Half do 30
10 Quarter do 15

It will be perceived, by this plain, that for 60 dollars the purchaser has a Certificate of ten tickets, when, if he buys tickets, he would only get for that sum six wholes. Thus, by buying certificates he has four more chances for larger prizes—Halves and Quarter packages in proportion.

Tickets $10—Halves $5—Quarters $2.50.

The 1,500 Prizes of $40 are determined by the last figure of the Number that draws the Capital Prize of $15,000. The Capital Prize will, of course, end with one of the figures—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0. Those Whole Tickets ending with the same figure as the last in the Capital will be entitled to $40. Halves and Quarters in proportion.

☞ Persons sending money by mail need not fear its being lost. Orders punctually attended to. Communications confidential.—Bank Notes of sound Banks taken at par. ☞ Those wishing particular numbers should order immediately.

Address, JAMES F. WINTER,
(52::1y) *Manager*, Macon, Ga.

New Books.

Miss Murray's Letters,
Widow Bedot papers, Memoirs of Sidney Smith, Picknick Papers, T. S. Arther's work's, Nickabocker, Earnest Lindwood, India the pearl of Pearl River, The New Purchase, Forrest Tragedy and other Tales Edeth the Quakeress, Campfire's of the Redmen &c.

May 1856. E. W. OGBURN.

EMPLOYMENT.

AGENTS (either traveling or local) for NEWSPAPERS and PERIODICALS, are requested to send, *WITHOUT DELAY*, their address to the undersigned, and they will be furnished with a business which will yield them from 100 to 200 per cent, profit. They will plesse state what Newspapers or Periodicals they have canvassed for. Persons who have not hitherto acted as Agents, but who would like to engage as such, will also please send their names, Post-office address, County and State, written plainly.

WRIGHT, MASON & CO.,
(38::3m) *New York.*

CHEESE.—25 boxes, a prime article, low for cash at

GEO. H. KELLEY & BRO.

Wilmington, Nov. 8.

BOARD AT NORMAL COLLEGE.

AT a meeting of the citizens, the following was established as the price of Board for the next three terms:—Board including every thing necessary, except washing and fuel, paid in advance, $6.50 per month.
Paid at the end of the Term, 7.00 "
Washing, 75 "

This will reduce the necessery expenses to about $105 per annum, for the highest rates.

Next term commences September 17.

B. CRAVEN.

Sept. 2, 1856. 31-tf

SOMETHING NEW!

A FAMILY PROVISION STORE!

MRS. L. BENCINI has just received and opened a large supply of all kinds of

FAMILY GROCERIES,

which will be sold cheap for cash.

☞ Country produce taken in exchange at Market price. Sept. 22

JUST Rec'd per Schrs. D. C. Hulse and W. H. Smith:

75 Boxes Cheese,
10 Bbls. Crushed Sugar,
20 Boxes Sugar and Soda Crackers,
10 Bbls. " " "
10 Cases Prepared Potash,
25 Boxes Starch,
4 Bbls. W. B. Lamp Oil,
5 " Lard,
10 " Buckwheat Meal,
4 Half bbls. " "
4½ " " "
10 Boxes " "
50 Bags " " For sale cheap by

Wilmington, Nov. 24. G. H. KELLEY & Bro.

SWAN & CO.'S LOTTERIES!

[*Authorized by the State of Georgia.*]

Southern Military Academy LOTTERY!

CLASS M.

TO be drawn in the City of Mobile, Alabama, in public, on SLTURDAY, January 10, 1857, on the Plan of Single Numbers. John Hurtel and W. W. McGuire, Esqs., Commissioners. 30,000 Tickets—3,280 Prizes! More than one Prize to every ten Tickets!

NOVEL SCHEME!

1 Prize of			$40,000
1 "			12,000
1 "			5,000
1 "			2,000
1 "			1,000
1 "			1,000
10 "			200
100 "			100
100 "			70
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.			
4 of $150 approx. to	$40,000 are		$600
4 " 125 "	12,000		500
4 " 100 "	5,000		400
4 " 75 "	2,000		300
8 " 50 "	1,000		400
40 " 45 "	200		1,800
3,000 " 40 are			120,000
3,280 Prizes amounting to			$204,000

Whole Tickets, $10—*Halves*, 5—*Quarters*, 2½

The first 216 Prizes are decided in the usual manner.

The 3,000 Prizes of $40 will be determined by the last figure of the Number that draws the $40,000 Prize. For example, if the Number drawing the 40,000 Prize ends with No 1, then all the Tickets where the number ends in 1 will be entitled to 40. If the Number ends with No. 2, then all the Tickets where the number ends in 2 will be entitled to 40, and so on to 0.

Certificates of Packages will be sold at the following rates, which is the risk:

CERTIFICATE

of Packages of 10 Whole Tickets,	$60
" 10 Half "	30
" 10 Quarter "	15

Address Orders for Tickets or Certificates either to

S. SWAN & CO., *Atlanta, Ga.*,
or S. SWAN, *Montgomery, Ala.*
or S. SWAN, *Box 200, Mobile, Ala.*

Fort Gaines Academy Lottery,

CLASS 28.

To be drawn in the City of Atlanta, Georgia, in public on TUESDAY, January 20, 1857, on the Plan of single numbers. 30,000 Tickets—3,307 Prizes. Nearly one prize to every nine Tickets!

Brilliant Scheme.

1 Prize of	$25,000	is	$25,000
1 "	10,000	is	10,000
1 "	10,000	is	10,000
1 "	10,000	is	10,000
1 "	4,000	is	4,000
1 "	1,000	is	1,000
1 "	1,000	is	1,000
10 Prizes of	200	are	2,000
90 "	100	are	9,000
100 "	70	are	7,000
100 "	50	are	5,000
3,000 "	40	are	120,000
3,307 Prizes amounting to			$204,000

Whole Tickets $10—*Halves*, 5—*Quarters* 2½.

The first 307 Prizes are decided in the usual manner.

The 3,000 prizes of $40 will be determined by the last figure of the number that draws the $25,000 prize. For example, if the number drawing the $25,000 prize ends with number 1, then all the tickets where the number ends in 1 will be entitled to $40. If the number ends with no. 2, then all the tickets where the no. ends in 2 will be entitled to $40, and so on to 0.

Certificates of Packages will be sold at the following rates is the risk:

Certificate of Package of 10 Whole Tickets, $60
" " 10 Half " 30
" " 10 Quarter " 15

Address orders for Tickets or Certificates either to

S. SWAN & CO., *Atlanta, Ga.*
or S. SWAN, *Montgomery, Ala.*
or S. SWAN, Box 200, *Mobile, Ala.*

Capital Prize ☞ $60,000!!! ☜

SOUTHERN MILITARY ACADEMY LOTTERY! Class N,

To be drawn in the city of Mobile, Ala., in public on FRIDAY, January 30, 1857, on the Plan of Single Numbers. John Hurtel and W. W. McGuire, Esqs., Commissioners. 30,000 Tickets—3,295 Prizes! More than one prize to every ten Tickets!

BRILLIANT SCHEME!

1 Prize of			$60,000
1 "			25,000
1 "			10,000
1 "			5,000
1 "			5,000
2 prizes of			2,000
2 "			1,000
10 "			250
100 "			150
100 "			100
Approximation Prizes.			
4 prizes of $250 to	$60,000	are	$1,000
4 " 200 to	25,000	are	800
4 " 175 to	10,000	are	700
8 " 125 to	5,000	are	1,000
8 " 100 to	2,000	are	800
8 " 75 to	1,000	are	600
40 " 65 to	200	are	2,600
3,000 " 60		are	180,000
3,295 prizes amounting to			326,000

Whole Tickets $16; Halves 8; Quarters 4; Eighths 2.

The first 219 Prizes are docided in the usual manner.

The 3,000 Prizes of $60 will be determined by the last figure of the number that draws the $60,000 prize. For example, if the number drawing the 60,000 prize ends with No. 1, then all the tickets where the number ends in 1 will be entitled to $60. If the number ends with No. 2, then all the tickets where the number ends in 2 will be entitled to $60, and so on to 0.

Certificates of Packages will be sold at the following rates, which is the risk:

CERTIFICATE

of Package of 10 Whole Tickets,	$100
" 10 Half "	50
" 10 Quarter "	25
" 10 Eighths "	12½

Address orders for Tickets or Certificates either to

S. SWAN & CO., Atlanta, Ga.
or S. SWAN, Montgomery, Ala.
or S. SWAN, Box 200, Mobile, Ala.

PLAN OF SWAN & CO.'s LOTTERIES.

30,000 Numbers corresponding with those on the Tickets are placed in one Wheel. The Prizes are placed in another Wheel. A Number is drawn from the Number Wheel, and at the same time a Prize is drawn from the other Wheel. The Prize drawn is placed against the Number drawn. This operation is repeated until all the Prizes are drawn out.

IN ORDERING TICKETS,

Enclose the money to our address for the Tickets ordered, on receipt of which they will be forwarded by first mail.

The List of Drawn Numbers and Prizes will be sent to purchasers immediately after the drawing.

☞ Purchasers will please write their signatures plain, and give their Post Office, County and State.

☞ Remember that every Prize is drawn, and payable in full without deduction.

☞ All Prizes of $1,000 and under, paid immediately after the drawing—other Prizes at the usual time of thirty days.

All communications strictly confidential. Prize Tickets cashed or renewed in other Tickets at either office. (52::1y)

BOLTING CLOTHS and BURR MILL STONES.—The genuine Anchor Wand Cloths of all Nos. from 1 to 11, inclusive, kept in full supply on hand. French Burr Mill Stones of any size, to order, and warranted, delivered at Wilmington, Fayetteville, or any Station on the N. C. Railroad.

R. G. LINDSAY,

April, 1856. N. E. corner of Elm & Market

1 Doz. WHEELER'S History of N. Carolina.
1 " FOOT'S Sketches of North Carolina.

Just received and for sale by

July, 1856 E. W. OGBURN.

SETTLE UP--SETTLE UP.

THE SUBSCRIBER, having disposed of his Stock of Goods in Greensborough, is now under the necessity of calling upon his customers in arrears to come forward and make settlements. All book accounts must be closed immediately by cash or notes; and all upon whom I hold bonds of any time standing are expected to cash or renew them, or it will become an unpleasant duty to call upon them through the agency of an officer of the law. My business has been running on for Several years past—it is necessary that it be now closed up—and my old customers must not think hard if I *insist upon immediate settlements.*

WM. S. GILMER.

October, 1856. 4::f.

New Books.

Macauley's History of England,
Hume's " " Do.
Irving's Works Complete.
Goldsmith's " Do.
Lives of the Chief Justices of the U. S.
Chamber's information for the people.
Anatomy of Melancholy.
The poetical works of Rogers Compbell, &c.
Weem's Life Marion.
Do " Washington.

May 1856. E. W. OGBURN.

Cabinet Furniture,

MADE AND SOLD BY

PETER THURSTON,

WEST STREET GRENSBOROUGH, N. C.

WHO keeps constantly on hand, and makes to order, Marble Top Centre and Pier Tables; splendid Ladies' Dressing Bureaus and Work Tables, with Marble or Mahogany tops; Secretaries and Book Cases of all kinds; bureaus an assortment—of every price and quality; Fine Mahogany Rocking Chairs with spring seats; Sofas, Wardrobes, Tables, Stands, &c.

All made as good and sold as low as Northern work.

Poplar, Birch, and Walnut Lumber,—and Country Produce at market prices,—taken in exchange for furniture. 1-tf.

TWELVE Sermons by Dr. Deems, Just received and for sale by E. W. OGBURN.

NEW BOOKS.

Mrs. Bliss' practical Cook Book.
Mrs. Hale's New " Do.
Downing's fruit and fruit Trees of America.
Thomas' American Fruit Culturist.
Smiths' Landscape Gardening.
Evan's Millwright's Guide.

May 1856. E. W. OGBURN.

TO THE LADIES.

MRS. PICKARD, having engaged in the Millinery and Mantua-making business, is receiving a full assortment of

Bonnets,
French Flowers,
Trimmings, &c.,

with which she is now ready to serve the public, and will be pleased to wait on all who may favor her with a call. She flatters herself, that she can and will give satisfaction to all.

Orders from a distance will be promptly and strictly attended to.

Room No. 1, in the second story of J. & F. Garrett's Store, on West Market street.

Dec. 6, 1856. (50::1y)

NOTICE is hereby given that APPLICATION will be made to the General Assembly now in session to extend the Charter of New Garden Boarding School in the County of Guilford. (50::4t)

Dec. 8th, 1856.

GRAND COMBINATION.

FOR the especial benefit of the reading public, the Publishers of the Times have made arrangements by which they can furnish the principal Literary Journals and Magazines at GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

Any person sending us $10 will receive one copy of the Times and a full set of the British Reviews and Blackwood, as republished by L. Scott & Co., for one year. For $4 we will send the Times and either of the following $3 Magazines for on year; Southern Literary Messenger; Godey's Lady's Book; Harper's, Magazine; and Graham's Magazine. For $3 we will send one copy of the Times and the Christian Album.

THE REVISED CODE.

50 COPIES received and for sale.

May, 1856 E. W. OGBURN.

J. W. HOWLETT, D. D. S. J. F. HOWLETT.

J. W. HOWLETT & SON, DENTISTS,

RESPECTFULLY offer their professional services to the citizens of Greensborough and all others who may desire operations performed on their teeth in the most approved, modern and scientific manner.

They are amply qualified to perform all and every operation pertaining in any way to Dental Surgery, unsurpassed for utility or beauty.

The Senior of the firm has in his possession Diplomas from the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, American Society of Dental Surgeons, and Dr. S. S. Fitch of Philadelphia, and has been in the regular practice of the profession for over twenty years.

They have furnished their Operating Rooms [on Market Street two doors above the Bland House,] in a handsome and comfortable manner for the reception of ladies, where one of the firm may always be found. Ladies will be waited on at their residences if desired.

January 1, 1856. 1-1y.

JAMES M. HUGHES,

FASHIONABLE TAILOR,

HAVING moved into his new shop, one door below the Book Store,

West Market, *Greensboro', N. C.*,

would respectfully return his thanks to the citizens of Greensboro' and vicinity for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed; and he hopes by diligence and punctuality, with his long experience in cutting and making, that he will continue to merit and receive a liberal patronage. He has a regularly established agency by which he receives the latest Paris, New York and Philadelphia FASHIONS which gentlemen are invited to examine for themselves.

All work warranted to please in fit and durability. One trial is all that is asked to give satisfaction. Remember the stand—West Market, one door below the Book Store.

Aug. 1856 4::ly

Cabinet Furniture AND COTTAGE BEDSTEADS,

MANUFACTURED BY

JOS. SEARS.

THESE BEDSTEADS, with other articles of Cabinet Furniture, kept constantly on hand and for sale cheap by the Manufacturer. Apply at his shop on Greene Street, between West Market and Sycamore.

Greensboro, N. C. 2?::7m

LAMPS.

A large lot of FLUID LAMPS just received at the Drug Store of W. C. PORTER.

SIX MINUTE CHURNS.

ANOTHER Lot of these Celebrated Hydro Thermal Churns just at hand at Manufacturer's prices, only adding freight.

JAMES M. TOWLES,
(27::tf) *Raleigh, N. C.*

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the ensuing Legislature of North Carolina for a special act prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors, within three miles of New Garden Boarding School in Guilford County.

JOSEPH NEWLIN, Clk.
11th Mo. 5th 1856. [46.

A GENERAL assortment of Hardware, Grain and Grass Scythes, Nails,